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TWO DEVONSHIRE SONNETS.

I.

THE OTTER MARSHES.

THE poet's pen should aid the painter's brush?
 Nay, doth not poesy excel? You hear,
 Smell, see, when waves the rod we poets
 bear.
 Look! sunset's shafts the Otter marshes flush
 While drowsy scents distil from tree, mead,
 bush,
 Bright'ning th' autumnal tints their wild
 flowers wear,
 Nor step nor word the moaning culvers
 scare,
 As even falls benign with gracious hush.
 Behind, gloom rounded elms, wheat-tufted
 farms,
 Red cliffs, gray church-tow'rs, orchard strips,
 or lea
 That winds 'neath old-world gardens. Here
 have met
 Two sedgy streams whose murmured music
 charms;
 Admire you not my picture? And 'tis set,
 See there! — in blue illimitable sea!

II.

BEER HEAD.

'Tis twenty summers since I saw thy face
 And still the same thou frontest sun and sea
 Steadfast in strength. We scratch with
 ploughs the lea
 For harvest, and a year destroys each trace;
 Ages ago Time scored those rents that brace
 Thy forehead's purpose, and with cruel glee
 Wrote wrinkles o'er it for eternity,
 And scathing thunders scarred thine eld with
 grace.
 Sons of one common earth, I hail that smile, —
 Thy kinship sleeps no longer unconcealed!
 Sunmit it leaps to fullest life, the while
 I watch those changeful hues float o'er thy pile
 Then sweep adown the cliffs to Portland
 Isle, —
 So wait we both till glory be revealed,
 Academy. M. G. WATKINS.

SEPTEMBER.

["Avril, l'honneur et le ris de Cypris."]

O GOLDEN child of the year
 That is ere,
 With robe of gossamer twining;
 O month that walkest a maid,
 Unafraid,
 O'er meadows with dew-pearls shining!
 Thy rippling laugh is the breeze
 In the trees,
 Thy voice is the starling calling;
 Thy golden dower are the sheaves,
 And the leaves
 From wall and from woodland falling.

The hills lie purple in haze
 All thy days,
 The cloud sleeps over its shadow;
 As a ghost in raiment of white
 All the night
 The mist keeps watch o'er the meadow.
 The splendor thou hast, yet the spleen
 Of a queen;
 For oft when the woods are fairest
 Thou darkenest heaven with a frown,
 And thy crown
 With a tempest of passion tearest.
 Yet hast thou a kindly hest,
 Wayward guest,
 And gently breakest the message,
 That days more niggard of light
 And the flight
 Of gathering swallows presage.

O child of the summer past,
 Though the last,
 Yet dearest of all we find thee!
 Oh, stay with us, and by thy stay
 Keep away
 The hungering winter behind thee!
 Spectator. F. W. B.

TOGETHER.

THE winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
 Across the lake and through the rustling
 sedge;
 The splendor of the golden after-glow,
 Gleams through the blackness of the great
 yew hedge;
 And this I read on earth and in the sky,
 "We ought to be together, you and I."
 Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
 Fades all the west; and through the shadowy
 trees,
 And in the silent uplands of the park,
 Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze;
 It does but echo to my weary sigh,
 "We ought to be together, you and I."

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
 My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
 I want your strength to help, your laugh to
 cheer,
 Heart, soul, and senses need you, one and
 all.
 I droop without your full frank sympathy —
 We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
 The dream, the hope, things planned, or
 seen, or wrought;
 Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
 As much as love asks love, does thought
 need thought.
 Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly,
 We ought to be together, you and I.

All The Year Round.

From The Modern Review.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN INGLESANT.

WHEN, in the seventh century, Eadwine called together the wise men of Northumbria to give him their rede touching the adoption of Christianity, one sadly thoughtful earldorman spake these words and said:—

So seems the life of man, O King! as a sparrow's flight through the hall when one is sitting at meat in winter-tide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire; and then, flying forth from the other door, vanishes into the darkness whence it came. So tarries, for a moment, the life of man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tell us aught certainly of these things, let us follow it.

And Eadwine and the wise men of Northumbria, impelled by a desire to know the truth about the mysteries which surround human life, elected to try the new teaching and became Christians.

Twelve centuries have flown since this wise rede was given to the king by the earldorman; but, although the then new teaching has, broadly speaking, been adopted by all England during that long period, men still strain after fuller knowledge, and yearn for clearer light. The new teaching even has not brought to all men the full comfort of convincing certainty; has not wholly explained the before and after of the sparrow's flight; has not assuaged the sorrow of hopeless question, or satisfied the pangs of ceaseless doubt. It is still true that swift souls struggle after deeper insight; that doubt oppresses, and that inscrutable mystery shadows many lives with sadness and with gloom. This perpetual spiritual drama of the soul's aspirations, sorrows, and strainings toward divine truth, finds, naturally, and has often found, expression in literature; and the latest work of mark which treats of this high argument, which has for its hero a warrior in the divine conflict, is Mr. Shorthouse's romance, "John Inglesant." Mr. Shorthouse defines his work as a philosophical romance, and he defends this classification while he ex-

presses a warm sympathy with this branch of literature. His preface is a short and valuable essay on philosophy treated through narrative fiction. "John Inglesant" might, with more exactitude, be termed a psychological romance, since it deals with the drama of a soul's strivings; but Mr. Shorthouse prefers the title of philosophical, and is, at least, in so far right that the particular soul which he analyzes and depicts finds its resting-place in a philosophy which falls something short of religion. The author is evidently desirous of rendering his romance as charming as his philosophy is deep. He wishes to delight by fiction as well as to instruct by thought. He maintains a nice balance between character and incident. He has made a fitting selection of that historical period which best suited his partly picturesque purpose. Incident may be somewhat subordinated to higher interests; but the romance remains a work of art, and does not sink into a mere philosophical or didactic treatise. He has the power of revivifying bygone times, and of re-creating characters which years ago lived, and loved, strove and suffered, aspired and acted. When a long-buried body is exposed to the light and air it sometimes crumbles into dust; and when an inferior artist tries to summon up the images of the unforgotten dead, his figures are stiff and lifeless, and turn to dust before our wearied eyes. Not so with Mr. Shorthouse. He has the life-giving power of vital art. He has full command of romantic narrative fiction; and his work lives, moves, breathes, and has its being in the clear atmosphere of fine imagination.

Nevertheless, to the mere un-ideaed novel-reader "John Inglesant" must be a thing of sheer naught. For him it can have little charm and less value. With all the picturesque use of incident and event, with all Mr. Shorthouse's skilful employment of the adventitious in human life, "John Inglesant" must remain a weariness to the ordinary vulgar reader who seeks trivial amusement or coarse excitement which shall be obtained without an exercise of thought. To such readers such a spiritual romance is barren,

worthless, uninteresting; but such readers can, unhappily, find a sufficiency of the work that they can after their fashion understand and enjoy.

Diderot tells us a little apologue. It seems that a cuckoo and a nightingale once referred the question of the rival merits of their singing to an ass. Of the nightingale's song the ass remarked, with grave disgust, "I don't understand a word of it; it strikes me as being bizarre, incoherent, confused; but he (the cuckoo) is more methodic, and I'm all for method." The ass, of course, decided wholly in favor of the cuckoo. The readers that we are now considering can find and can prefer many a cuckoo-like piece of manufacture, repeating mechanically a few well-worn notes; but Mr. Shorthouse's song will be to such judges a distracting and repellent nightingale song — "bizarre, incoherent, confused."

It will be worth while to devote a few words to the relation of a new great writer to his peers in literature. A parallel must not be pushed too far, as then it would cease to be a parallel, and would tend to become an identity; but it may be fairly argued that the writer whom Mr. Shorthouse, in aim and tone, most nearly resembles, is Hawthorne. By both writers events and occurrences are used in nice dependence on essence of character or condition of soul. Of Hawthorne, Mr. Shorthouse says, "It is only with difficulty that we perceive how absolutely every character, nay, every word and line, is subordinated to the philosophical idea of the book." To this extent there is a parallel to be drawn between Hawthorne and Mr. Shorthouse; and the work of Hawthorne which should more especially be subjected to critical examination for the purpose of investigating this qualified resemblance is "Transformation," the grave, fantastic romance of Monte Beni. The minds of the two authors are sympathetic, though their gifts and powers are sufficiently diverse. Every sensitive artist of culture is undoubtedly influenced, to some extent, by other similar artists of originality and of mark; but in such influence there is nothing mean or slavish, as there is nothing abject in being in-

fluenced by moonlight or by starlight, by mountain or by sea.

A predecessor of Mr. Shorthouse, in the field, however, of the philosophical novel, rather than romance, is George Eliot. Her art, in its later development, became subject to the cold constriction of her joyless and astringent theories; her creations lost in spontaneity; and her humor thickened into often cumbrous raillery. Her art is really great, her thought is really wise, chiefly when both act in freedom from the restrictions of her laming doctrines, which robbed human life and effort of the comfort and the impulse and the nobleness of the divine. Her leading theory of pagan Nemesis excluded all idea of divine pity, love, or forgiveness, and left human life the passive victim of a blind and ruthless scientific fate. Both George Eliot and Mr. Shorthouse have written works in which art is the handmaiden of philosophy, but there is no real affinity between these writers. Any superficial similarity is likeness through unlikeness. They aim at very different objects. The one is cramped by science; if the other fails it is in hitting an art-target which is placed so very high. "He shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree," says George Herbert. It is noticeable that there is in "John Inglesant" no hint of humor, no suggestion of satire; but then humor or satire would be as much out of place in "John Inglesant" as they would be in "Laodamia." The sweet, grave, tender flow of Mr. Shorthouse's narrative would receive a jar from a touch of drollery, and his graceful earnestness is incapable of the savagery of sarcasm. A soft and brooding sadness hangs over the tone of the whole story, like tender shadows on pure sunlit snow. The sorrows of the soul are rarely soothed by laughter; and Mr. Shorthouse wants to depict only so much of human life as may subserve his main philosophical purpose. The grotesque would be absolute destruction to his ethereal aim and delicate style. When the rapt Ferdinand and Miranda, audience fit though few, witness the masque summoned up for their delight by the magic art of Prospero, they exclaim,

"This is a most majestic vision;" and though, like an insubstantial pageant faded, the exquisite vision leaves not a wrack behind, yet, when the airy figures have spoken, moved, and vanished, the charmed imaginations of the young lovers of the enchanted isle retain a deep impress in memory of the graceful drama which existed only in their magically influenced fancy. And so we, readers and not spectators, feel, as the music of "John Inglesant" dies out of the listening air, that our memories will be haunted forevermore by the cunning vision and by the witching strain. The music lives in long reverberating echo: the pageant exists still in spellbound memory. There is a wrack left behind by such glorious phantasies. The opening of the book strikes its fine minor keynote finely. The child is father of the man, and the lonely boyhood and first youth of John Inglesant are a fitting preparation for the days and actions of his manhood. His boyhood at Westacre is surrounded by all sweet influences of nature, by country quiet, by solitary leisure, by fields and woods, by clouds and stars, by

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Thoughtful, imaginative, sensitive, introspective, impressionable, the boy grows up, ripens, and develops. The father of John Inglesant resembles in some degree the father of Edward Waverley; but Inglesant has a twin brother, Eustace, and the boys are, while boys, singularly alike; though their different characters and diverging paths in life destroyed, in later years, the once close resemblance. From one of his teachers John Inglesant "imbibed the mysterious Platonic philosophy." Eagerly receptive, the lad drew teaching from all sources, and, in his dreamy solitude, pondered all things in his heart.

When John was fourteen one of the most determinant events of his life occurred. He became acquainted with Mr. Hall, or Father Sancta Clara, a Jesuit emissary busy in England in pushing the interests of his Church and of his society. In Thackeray's novel, *Esmond* was, at first, strongly influenced by Father Holt,

but *Esmond* was too virile to remain permanently in subjection to any Jesuit; while the weaker and more docile John Inglesant voluntarily abnegated his will, and accepted an almost lifelong yoke.

We call ourselves free agents; was this slight, delicate boy a free agent, with a mind and spirit so susceptible that the least breath affected them; around whom the throng of natural contention was about to close; on whom the intrigue of a great religious party was about to seize, involving him in a whirlpool and rapid current of party strife and religious rancor?

The Jesuit soon acquired complete ascendancy and unlimited influence over the ardent, enthusiastic boy. A priest lends Inglesant "The Flaming Heart; or, The Life of Sta. Teresa," which half attracts and half repels the inquiring and metaphysical youth. Doubts and "obstinate questionings" begin to arise in the young but already perplexed mind. He asks advice and seeks help from all available sources, and lives in a half-superstitious dream of the supernatural life. Then St. Clare, who, for political reasons, has withheld Inglesant from joining the Church of Rome, begins to use the tool that he has sharpened. "Death—nay, the bitterest torture—would be nothing to him [Inglesant] if only he could win this man's approval, and be not only true, but successful, in his trust." We pity the susceptible, tender boy, whose very nobleness and fineness are being warped to ignoble ends, as he and Father St. Clare ride up together to London; before John Inglesant commences the life of queen's page and Jesuit instrument, and becomes the page of Henrietta Maria, and the servant of Father St. Clare. Inglesant entered London in August, 1637. And now, for the young, country-bred lad the quiet, contemplative, speculative life of dreaming youth has ceased, and John is launched upon the great, strong current of a fierce crisis in history. Real life and stormy action drown for a time the still, small voice of introspective thought and metaphysical dreaming. The passionate yearning for the face of God; the longing for the beatific vision; the intense striving after truth, are disturbed by the

splendors, the showy cavaliers and lovely ladies, the many high and beautiful things seen by young eyes at court. And yet the exquisite fitness of Inglesant for an instrument of Jesuit use is only further developed. But John Inglesant, true to the keynote of his essential nature, grows weary of pomp and pleasure, and longs again for retirement and for wanderings in the secret paths of thought. He steals aside to the "peace unspeakable" of the quiet, religious life of Little Gidding; and meets there that noble Mary Collet, who is to be the young man's first love. He woods her through religion, he loves her in mystic ecstasy. There is between the twain more spiritual affinity than healthy human passion; and yet both are fair, are noble — and are young. Their love was a shy romance which seemed to reveal the infinite.

In 1639, Inglesant, acting, as he always did, under the direction of the Jesuit, purchased the place of one of the esquires of the body to the king. He had just lost his father. The Jesuit more and more dissuaded Inglesant from joining the Church of Rome; and even infused into the mind of his pupil as large an element of rational inquiry as Inglesant could bear without a shock to his religious sense. Inglesant began to unite a certain activity of thought with reverence for religion, and with entire submission to his spiritual director; but while acquiring obedience he lost something of instinctive, happy, trustful faith, and his tone of soul became imperceptibly lowered.

The king, at this stage of the story, appears always as a picturesque and stately figure, graceful and touching in the "splendor and the pathos" of Van Dyck's glorious art. St. Clare is always pictured as a patient, powerful influence, acting — to the ultimate ruin of his clients — as a motor behind the events which he attempts to instigate and seeks to control. England was no field for Jesuit intrigue and rule. St. Clare even introduces Inglesant to Mr. Hobbes, that human problem in philosophy, whose conversation produces a fresh fluctuation in the mobile mind of the theological cavalier. Mr. Hobbes tells him: —

There seems to me something frightfully grotesque about the Romish Church as a reality, showing us on the one side a mass of fooleries and ridiculous conceits and practices, at which, but for the use of them, all men must needs stand amazed; such rabble of impossible relics — the hay that was in the manger, and more than one tail of the ass on which Christ

rode into Jerusalem, besides hundreds which, for common decency, no man in any case would so much as name. To look on these, I say, on one side, and on the other to see those frightful and intolerable cruelties, so detestable that they cannot be named, by which thousands have been tormented by this holy and pure Church, has something about it so grotesque and fantastic that it seems to me sometimes more like some masque or dance of satyrs or devils than the followers of our Saviour Christ.

Speaking of the Society of Gesù, Mr. Hobbes adds, "What they seek is influence over the minds of men: to gain this they will allow every vice of which man is capable." Had Inglesant joined the Church, he would have become an obscure priest, of no use to St. Clare, who wanted his pupil for the sore strain of deadly danger. Many causes tended to lessen the eagerness in the pliant and wavering mind of Inglesant towards divine things, when the great Civil War broke out, and the occasion for which the Jesuit needed his finely trained instrument was fast approaching.

The able Jesuit says, in one of his better moods, "nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life;" and that infinite pathos is soon to occur in the lives of Inglesant, of Strafford, and of Laud.

Strafford is impeached, condemned, executed; and the miserable weakness of the craven king is made manifest to all men. Two nights after the execution of Strafford, the palace of Whitehall is under the sole command of Mr. Esquire Inglesant. In answer to the challenge of the yeoman of the guard, "a voice, calm and haughty, which sent a tremor through every nerve, gave back the word "Christ!" and the terrible apparition of Strafford — the man himself in dress, mien, step — in his very habit as he lived — drew back the hanging of the privy chamber and disappeared from the astonished guards to appear to the terrified king. This episode of the apparition of Strafford is told with few touches but with a master's power.

Very finely does Mr. Shorthouse describe the last short time of revel and of gaiety of the court of Charles at Oxford. With a certain fitness of things, John and Eustace Inglesant play before the court the brothers Antipholus in the "Comedy of Errors." The Inglesants were still held to be exactly alike, and on the stage they must have seemed so; but we find a great and growing moral and mental difference between the brothers. Eustace is worldly, a gay and even somewhat liber-

tine gallant; John a combination of courier and of monk. In love with Mary Collet, with a nature to which self-restraint was easy, John Inglesant was pure in his life, and kept himself unspotted from vices, or even levities. With a soul which strove toward a holy life, but which yet was so full of so great weakness, Inglesant has no sensual sins of youth. Indeed, young in years, he is scarcely youthful; and he would, perhaps, be somewhat nearer to our humanity if he had a touch of occasional thoughtless frailty.

Eustace contracts his ill-omened marriage of interest with the eccentric Lady Cardiff. A soldier only by accident, John Inglesant is yet engaged, fighting, of course, on the Royalist side, at Edgehill, at Cropredy Bridge (where he receives a wound in the head by a sword-cut), and afterwards at Naseby; but martial heroism is not a strong point in his dreamy character. "He had the restless outlook of the artistic nature, its tenderness and susceptibility, its quick apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong." By no means wanting in courage, he had not the talent or the gifts of the captain; and was as little of a warrior as was Falkland himself.

Inglesant, by the Jesuit's order, is present, on the very scaffold itself, when Laud suffered. Afterwards, he again sought peace in the retirement of Little Gidding; but while engaged with the family and Mary Collet at evening prayer, he saw, "standing in the dark shadow under the window, the messenger of the Jesuit, whom he knew. He got up quietly and went out. From his marriage feast, nay, from the table of the Lord, he would have got up all the same had that summons come to him."

The short letter of the Jesuit ran: "The time for which we have waited is come. The service which you and none other can perform, and which I have always foreseen for you, is waiting to be accomplished. I depend on you."

The service required of Inglesant is, indeed, a dark and dangerous one. Mr. Shorthouse has here made able use of one of the obscure passages in the history of Charles I. He has selected a transaction which exemplifies the profound perfidy and callous cruelty of the king; and which illustrates in the strongest way the fust of Jesuit training on Inglesant.

It is the time at which the frightful massacre, by the Irish, of English, and of Protestants, had awakened the hatred and the indignation both of Royalists and

of Parliamentarians; but, at the risk of alienating his own best supporters, the king is intriguing with the Papists for a contingent of ten thousand men from Ireland. Brave Lord Biron, a gallant Royalist, says, "Ten thousand Irish Papists and murderers in England, Mr. Inglesant, is not what I should like to see."

In order to realize how repulsive such a proceeding as this would appear to the whole English nation, it is necessary to recollect the repeated professions of attachment to Protestantism on the part of the King, and of his determination to repress Popery; the intense hatred of Popery on the part of the Puritan party, and of most of the Church people; and the horror caused in all classes by the barbarities of the Irish massacre.

For such work secret agents only could be employed; agents who could be repudiated and sacrificed if the nefarious plan should fail. Glamorgan had his reasons as a Catholic; John Inglesant is actuated only by blind obedience to the Jesuit cause and to St. Clare. His loyalty to Charles meant disloyalty to his country; his devotion to Jesuitism meant foul treachery to abstract truth and right; but Inglesant never hesitated. Mary Collet reminds him of what he owes to another, "to one who knew you before this Jesuit;" but she pleads in vain.

"Then if I fall into the hands of the Parliament," Inglesant said to Hall, "my connection with the king will be repudiated?"

"If the necessities of the State demand it, all knowledge of this affair will be denied by the king," replies the Jesuit. The eyes of each must have been meaningfully and steadfastly fixed upon the other during the speaking of this question and answer.

Inglesant receives a secret letter of written instructions in the king's own hand. Charles says later, with a feeble, irritated consciousness of his own baseness, when the plot has failed, to St. Clare, "No; there is no fear of John Inglesant, I believe you. There is no fear that any man will betray his friends and be false to his order, and to his plighted word, except the king! — except the king!"

The plot fails; the Irish do not come, and Chester is surrendered. The king repudiates his agents, and Inglesant denies that the king's letter is the king's. The position of the faithful emissary becomes truly terrible. The Council itself, the Tower, and the dread of approaching death cannot shake the fidelity of the Jesuit-bred gentleman; but when Presby-

terian minister and Catholic priest both condemn his conduct, and refuse him absolution, then the terrors of death, without the sacrament and without sacerdotal support, gather darkly round a sorely troubled mind. The author never depicts his hero as moved by conscience. The Jesuit has developed in John Inglesant some quality which takes the place of conscience; but the Jesuit has also created in him a firmness which will not blench before death. The morning of execution arrives, and Inglesant is about to die with a lie in his mouth. On a high scaffold at Charing Cross, Colonel Eustace Powell, dying by lot for having broken *parole*, passes out of life amid the prayers and tears of the spectators; but when Inglesant mounts the same scaffold, the justly indignant people receive him with a terrible roar of execration. The scene must have been indeed awful for the desperate chief actor in it. Inglesant is saved. "You stood that very well. I would rather mount the deadliest breach than face such a sight as that," says the officer to the rescued man, who, with reeling brain and dizzy senses, is conducted back to the Tower.

Small wonder that the man who, with the headsman by his side, had faced that raging mob, should have mind and brain so affected that he never afterwards wholly recovered the shock.

After the death of Charles, Inglesant had but little tie to England; but, before he quits his native shores, he has to undergo the loss of his brother Eustace, murdered miserably by one Montalti, an Italian hanger-on of Eustace's wife, once Lady Cardiff.

On that ill-omened ride to Oulton, a fatalist would have seen the hand of destiny in the seeming accident of the casting of a horse's shoe. John Inglesant saw "ghostly phantoms of his disordered brain." He was suffering from a "weariness and dullness of sense, the result, no doubt, of fatigue acting upon his only partially recovered health. As he rode on his brain became more and more confused, so that for moments together he was almost unconscious, and only by an effort regained his sense of passing events." Arrived at the inn, "on the white hearthstone—his hair and clothes steeped in blood—lay Eustace Inglesant, the Italian's stiletto still in his heart."

And so John Inglesant stands alone in the world. The sacred tie of kinship to a much-loved brother is bloodily severed, and he has no other relative. Henceforth he will live solely for things spiritual.

Yes; but across that calm desire comes the fierce thirst for vengeance on the assassin. Laertes could be revenged "most thoroughly" for his father; but finer Hamlet was unfit for the stern task of vengeance, and, in spite of supernatural incitements, could let go by the important acting of the ghost's dread commands; and John Inglesant will never, we feel, take vengeance upon his brother's murderer. Fate, or accident, will interfere to save the gentle avenger from the deeds which were too strong for his soft nature.

It is recorded of John Inglesant, at this time, that it is "doubtful whether, except perhaps once or twice in College Chapel, he had ever read a chapter of the Bible to himself in his life. Certainly he never possessed a Bible himself; of its contents, excepting those portions which are read in church, and those contained in the Prayer-Book, he was profoundly ignorant. It was not included in the course of studies set him by the Jesuit." He was "ignorant of doctrine and dogma of almost every kind;" but he felt a strong "attraction to the person of the Saviour." Going to Italy, he will there, surely, become a member of the Church of Rome? Passing through Paris, chance leads him to the death-bed of Mary Collet, whose "beautiful eyes" were about to close forever on the things of love and earth and time. Holding his hand, the dying girl said, "And that mission to the Papist murderers, Johnny—you did not wish to bring them into England of your own accord, but only as a plot of the Jesuits? Surely you were but the servant of one whom you could not discover." . . .

"Will you serve your Heavenly Master as well as you have served your king?" Then love follows brotherhood to the undiscovered country; and John Inglesant stands alone—alone with the yearning for faith, and with the desire for vengeance.

There is but little pathos in the emotion of bereavement which follows his great loss. The "ethereally bodied" Inglesant is not capable of the passion of love in all its noble strength and mighty fullness. We find him next trying, in vain, to gain assured faith in revelation, and a right guide to the conduct of his life from Father de Cressy, a convert to the Church of Rome. Every fluctuation in his mind or soul, whether intellectual or spiritual, whether of opinion, or of struggle towards the light, is amply indicated for us by our most subtle guide and author. Italy! Inglesant has left the stern north, in

which strong men battled fiercely in noble civil war for lofty principles; and is surrounded by the color, warmth, languor, of the soft south, and the sunny land of music, art — of misery and vice. It is the time of the afterglow of the Renaissance, with all its splendors and its shames; and Mr. Shorthouse knows thoroughly the state of Italy at that period, the corruption of the Church, the misgovernment of the people, and the general sufferings and crimes.

It cannot have escaped your notice, since you have been in Italy, that there is much that is rotten in the state of government, and to be deplored in the condition of the people. I do not know in what way you may have accounted for this lamentable condition of affairs in your own mind; but among ourselves there is but one solution — the share that priests have in the government, not only in the Pope's territory, but in all the other courts of Italy where they have rule. It requires to be an Italian, and to have grown to manhood in Italy, to estimate justly the pernicious influence of the clergy upon all ranks of society.

Inglesant carried with him to Italy his religious aspiration combined with free speculative opinion; his sorrowful strivings after divine truth, his refinement and his culture; but he also bore with him "his weakness and his melancholy;" and he suffered under strained nerves, depressed vitalism, and an oppression and confusion of the o'ercharged and weary brain. He has become in part, "brain-sickly." To his diseased organization, the fair earth seemed wrapped in a hot steaming mist of swooning haze. To his dream-fever, men and things appeared faint, shadowy, unreal; and all life was clouded with a vaporous veil. Illusion was his nearest actuality; and men moved about him, acted upon him, almost as spectres, which appeared to be without clear volition, or very real existence.

The slight, sad cavalier, fair as was Milton in his youth, gentle and graceful, courteous, serene, and tender, breathed in a fine, delicate air of phantasy, and only half realized mortal life and human interests.

In this highly pitched romance, all events and occurrences are subordinated to spiritual aims and ends. Love, ambition, action, revenge, in Inglesant, all play parts which tend to exemplify the sorrowful strivings of a yearning soul. The other characters seem more actual and objective when contrasted with Inglesant's dreamy intangibility and philosophic abstraction. He moves about in a soft and

tender light which is not wholly of the earth. He is true, but is drawn with a certain intentional unreality; he is not quite actual, but is faithful to a high ideal type of partly disembodied spirit. And yet Inglesant loved the life of art and delicate luxury; loved to dress finely and to lie softly; loved to live in kings' palaces, and cared for all elegant surroundings. Mr. Shorthouse always supplies his hero with ample means; and environs him with music and all sensuous — not sensual — delights.

Very characteristic is Inglesant's subjection to the teaching of the great Quietist, Molinos, who has an additional attraction for the Englishman in respect that he is, virtually, in antagonism to the ordinary teaching and practice of the Romish priesthood; and is, in striving for the better life, earning the crown of martyrdom in this life. The doctrines and example of Molinos differ widely from those of De Cressy; but we have, in Mr. Shorthouse, a guide who can lead us through all tentatives of spiritual struggle; and who writes, with full comprehension and real sympathy, of all movements and tendencies which even profess to strive for light and guidance. A man who goes to Rome for religion, may find it, as Luther did, in a sense that he dreamed not of; and Inglesant found that the ordinary clerical life of Rome tended to sap the foundations of religion. He found, in high places, the tone of pagan philosophy; and perfect tolerance of opinion, combined with lofty indifference to dogma or to doctrine. The many conversations between Inglesant and cardinals, and the like, are often as much doctrinal as dramatic; and seem to be — perhaps are meant to be — the dialogue between the "two voices" which debate in Inglesant's own restless soul. Among the "obstinate questionings" which puzzle his will is the doubt about the life of man as it is; about man as he is instead of as, according to theologians, he should be.

Popular life and pagan survivals present an incessant, many-sided problem to his intellect. He cannot overcome his natural sympathy with frail, faulty humanity, acting in accordance with its natural impulses and instinctive needs. Human life may be more than any theories about life. Nay, that voice within Inglesant which is personated by the sensuous pagan cardinal finds tolerance even for the "beast within the man;" even for "the worship of Priapus, of human life, in which nothing comes amiss or is to be

staggered at, however voluptuous and sensual, for all things are but varied manifestations of life; of life, ruddy, delicious, full of fruits, basking in sunshine and plenty, dyed with the juice of grapes." Inglesant in this mood sympathizes with, and yet pities the natural instinct which seeks for natural pleasure, which desires to attain to those joys of sense which are agreeable to man's created nature. Inglesant, at least, never bows to the religion of personal fear; and there are times in which his thought leans to a love of mere humanity as that exists in fact. The earth claims her son.

The result of Inglesant's political training was, that a life of intrigue and policy had become a necessity of his nature; but it is noteworthy that he cares for the Jesuit's craft, and not for the statesman's honor. His nature was subdued to what it worked in. He sought no open and responsible political position; but would undertake any secret mission even though it were not of a noble nature. Noble action in public affairs, or right morality in politics, had lost all meaning for him. His will was dominated by the Society of Jesus; and he had, as his merited punishment, obscured the conscience. The only form of action that he contemplated was intrigue. We have seen how, at St. Clare's bidding, he worked to introduce into England Irish Papist murderers; and now the Jesuits have found for him another ignoble mission.

The old Duke of Umbria, tired of the world, is near his end, and it is the object of the Society of the Gesù to cause the old man to make over the succession of his state to the Holy See. Such a step would be taken to the prejudice of the heirs, and to the infinite injury of the poor people of the duchy. In Inglesant, "the old habit of implicit obedience was far from obliterated or even weakened, and though St. Clare was not present, the supreme motive of his influence was not unfelt;" and yet the emissary felt, in his better nature, when he saw the duke, that "his conscience smote him at the thought of abusing his [the duke's] confidence, and of persuading him to adopt a course which Inglesant's own heart warned him might not in the end be conducive to the duke's own peace, or to the welfare of the people." Inglesant was well acquainted with the cruel misgovernment to which the inhabitants of the unhappy duchy would be subjected under the rule of the Holy See; he knew the "oppression and waste caused by the accumulated wealth and

idleness of the innumerable religious orders," but, knowing all this, he yet did not decline the mission. The world-weary and death-dreading duke tells Inglesant, "I cannot see the figure of the Christ for the hell that lies between."

"Ah, Altezza," says Inglesant, his eyes full of pity, "something stands between us and the heavenly life. . . . It seems to me that your Highness has but to throw off that blasphemous superstition which is found in all Christian creeds alike, which has not feared to blacken even the shining gates of heaven with the smoke of hell."

Ultimately the priests gain their point; and the success in Umbria is ascribed to Inglesant, who had characteristically juggled with his dimmed conscience by not pressing directly upon the duke the policy of bequeathing his state to Rome. The grateful old man, who had conceived a strong regard for the courteously sympathetic emissary of the Church, rewards Inglesant, in a princely manner, by the gift of a fief in the Apennines, consisting of some farms, and of the villa-castle of San Giorgio, which confers the title of cavaliere upon their owner.

Around the path of Inglesant flickers frequently the phantom of the murderer of Eustace — Malvolti — who burns to murder the avenging brother of his former victim, and who makes several futile attempts upon the life of John Inglesant. This wretch is even a rival for the hand of Inglesant's new love, Lauretta. The dissolute and unprincipled brother of Lauretta is, unknown to Inglesant, an accomplice of the assassin of his brother; and the pair plot together to get Inglesant into their toils, and to tempt him to ruin by exposing him to a trial of the senses in which Lauretta shall, unconsciously, act as the temptress. Inglesant is selected to accompany Lauretta in a night flight from Florence to Pistoja. The lady is fleeing from the tyrannous brother who threatens to force her into a loathed union with that Malvolti, whose infamous character is well known to the Italian lady.

During their night ride the lovers pause to rest and sup at a pavilion of the duchess in the forest. They find all things prepared for them at the pavilion. The moonlit night is soft and warm. The wine is good; the solitude complete. Alone with Lauretta in the lonely chamber, in the still, voluptuous hour, she reclines, in all her loveliness, on a couch, and her lover's arms encircle her; and Inglesant is exposed to a terrible tempta-

tion in which the senses seem about to lead him to dishonor; to a dishonor which would have depraved his moral instinct and confused his sensitive purity. But across the impulse of the sorely tempted senses arise the visions of the sacramental Sundays at Little Gidding—of the pure eyes of the dead Mary Collet—and Inglesant resists and overcomes. "It is not so easy to ruin him with whom the pressure of Christ's hand yet lingers in the palm."

Many charming episodes in this charming book, many characteristic Italian occurrences, must, of necessity, be passed over in so brief a study; but the greatest episode—for episode only it remains—in Inglesant's Italian life is his marriage with Lauretta. Mr. Shorthouse means, probably, to indicate that his hero was incapable of deep love, of mighty passion; and he weds a woman, the most lightly sketched figure in the book, who cannot fill his heart, or share his higher life. Lauretta touches our hearts as little as she did that of her husband. The only true love of which Inglesant was capable lies buried in the grave of Mary Collet.

A typical papal election is finely described in Chapter XXX.:—

If, perchance, there entered into this Conclave any old Cardinal, worn by conflict with the Church's enemies "in partibus infidelium," amid constant danger of prison or death; or perchance coming from amongst harmless peasants in country places, and by long absence from the centre of the Church's polity, ignorant of the manner in which her Princes trod the footsteps of the Apostles of old, and by the memory of such conflict and of such innocence, and because of such ignorance, was led to entertain dreams of divine guidance, two or three days' experience caused such an one to renounce all such delusion, and to return to his distant battlefield, and to see Rome no more.

Of course, Inglesant takes a lay part in the weariness, the perils, and terrors—including the apparition of a phantom of murder—of the Conclave.

To one always living on the verge of delirium, the three years of marriage peace, at San Giorgio, may have been of service—but to Inglesant permanent rest was not permitted. He has won such love as he yet was capable of; he has yet to get quit of his long-projected, long-desired quest of vengeance upon his brother's murderer. That state of chronic bitterness, of vague desire for revenge, wars against a soul which would be at rest in Christ. Not until he shall have reckoned with

Malvolti can John Inglesant know peace, or attain to blessedness. The long-haunting problem is solved in this wise. On the road from Umbria to Rome, Inglesant, clad in a suit of shining armor, girt with a jewelled sword, both gifts from the dying duke, rides with due escort over the hills and down the long, wooded slope into the valley. A presentiment of some coming fate or danger oppresses his weary brain, "and the recollection of his brother rose again in his remembrance, distinct and present as in life." Suddenly, in the faint morning light, at the turning of the road, face to face with Inglesant, stood Malvolti, who had treacherously murdered his brother, and had sought Inglesant's own life. The escort, in answer to Inglesant's inquiry of "what is due" to such a villain, replies, "Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death!"

In an agony of terror, the wretch screams to Inglesant, "Mercy, monsignore! mercy! I dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu!"

The cruel light faded out of Inglesant's eyes. He was both above and below revenge; above it in virtue of his Christianity, below it in respect of his physical irresolution. He spares the culprit.

Close by was a little chapel, in which the bell had just ceased ringing for mass. Inglesant entered, with his train, and when the priest offered Inglesant the sacrament, he took it.

Inglesant then told his story to the priest, and gave up his jewelled sword, saying, "Take this sword, reverend father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

The good priest was "one of those childlike peasant priests to whom the great world was unknown;" and to such a man "it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St. George himself, in jewelled armor, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light;" so he took the shining sword and placed it on the altar.

But Inglesant's visit seemed like unto a vision; and remained a legend. "Long afterwards, perhaps even to the present day, popular tradition took the story up and related that once, when the priest of the mountain chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St. George himself, in shining

armor, came across the mountains one morning very early, and partook of the sacrament —" The legend was supported by the evidence of the sword itself; and the vision had this basis of merit, that it referred to a good priest and to a noble knight.

In quest of his wife's wicked brother, Inglesant travels to Naples when the plague is raging there. Mr. Shorthouse has not Defoe's matchless imaginative realism, but his description of the pestilence in the doomed city is touched with a fine spiritual grace. Blind, disordered in brain, Malvolti once more crosses the path of Inglesant; but this time the terrible expiation imposed for terrible crimes moves Inglesant to pity. The conversion of Malvolti is, indeed, a somewhat miraculous one. During his absence, Lauretta and his boy have died at San Giorgio, and Inglesant is wifeless and is childless.

In Rome the better side of his nature sympathizes in so far with the doomed Molinos that the Society of the Gesù resents his action. The general of the Society of the Gesù tells him that, in Rome, they do not need such high-class agents; "we require only agents of a far lower type:" and he urges Inglesant to return to England. As this advice is given while the cavaliere is in prison in Sant Angelo, it is implicitly and even gratefully followed.

We next — and for the last time — meet with John Inglesant in England and at Oxford. How changed the fair old collegiate city from the days in which the young cavalier acted there before Charles I. and his queen and court! How changed the man himself, who returns, sadder and wiser, to the old scene! How changed the England to which he returned! The last glimpse we get of him is from a letter of Mr. Valentine Lee, chirurgion, of Reading, addressed to Mr. Anthony Paschall, physician, London; but in that letter Inglesant's own words are reverently recorded.

First, for the physical appearance of our hero: —

He wore his own hair long, after the fashion of the last age, but in other respects he was dressed in the mode — in a French suit of black satin, with cravat and ruffles of Mechlin lace. His expression was lofty and abstracted, his features pale and somewhat thin, and his carriage gave me the idea of a man who had seen the world, and in whom few things were capable of exciting any extreme interest or attention. His eyes were light blue, of that peculiar shade which gives a dreamy and in-

different expression to the face. His manner was courteous and polite, almost to excess.

We like to look upon John Inglesant as, in his latter days, he lived, and moved, and had his being. We find him much what we should have expected him to be; and gaze upon him with pleasure before he vanishes forever from our eyes, and becomes only a possession of the fancy, a phantom of the memory. The *virtuoso* brought with him a violin, inscribed "Jacobus Stainer, in Absam propé Enipontem, 1647," and played upon it with mastery, after the Italian manner. The tone "seemed to me," says Mr. Lee, "to exceed even that of the Cremonas."

On minds of virile force, Rome, when known intimately, exercises gradually more repulsion than attraction, and John Inglesant, who had all but joined her communion, is, as the result of his experience, ultimately repelled by her. Mr. Shorthouse does not preach against that Church, but he teaches by showing; he attacks by illustration; and he furnishes an armory of practical argument against Papacy and Jesuit.

Mr. Lee said "that as Mr. Inglesant had had much experience in the working of the Romish system, he should be glad to know his opinion of it, and whether he preferred it to that of the English Church." From Mr. Inglesant's long reply we may extract the following: —

This is what the Church of Rome has ever done. She has traded upon the highest instincts of humanity, upon its faith and love, its passionate remorse, its self-abnegation and denial, its imagination and yearning after the unseen. . . . To support this system it has habitually set itself to suppress knowledge and freedom of thought, before thought had taught itself to grapple with religious subjects, because it foresaw that this would follow. It has, therefore, for the sake of preserving intact its dogma, risked the growth and welfare of humanity, and has, in the eyes of all except those who value this dogma above all other things, constituted itself the enemy of the human race. I have, perhaps, occupied a position which enables me to judge somewhat advantageously between the Churches, and my earnest advice is this, You will do wrong — mankind will do wrong — if it allows to drop out of existence, merely because the position on which it stands seems to be illogical, an agency by which the devotional instincts of human nature are enabled to exist side by side with the rational.

The English Church, as established by the law of England, offers the supernatural to all who choose to come. It is like the Divine Being Himself, whose sun shines alike on the evil and on the good. Upon the altars of the

Church the Divine Presence hovers as surely, to those who believe it, as it does upon the splendid altars of Rome. . . . The way is open; it is barred by no confession, no human priest. Shall we throw this aside? It has been won for us by the death and torture of men like ourselves in bodily frame, infinitely superior to some of us in self-denial and endurance. Let us, says Mr. Inglesant, further, above all things hold fast by the law of life we feel within.

The essence of his last utterances may be condensed into the sad, deep saying: "Absolute truth is not revealed."

"John Inglesant" is a work of rare and delicate merit, and it has become a permanent possession of our literature. It seems scarcely likely that Mr. Shorthouse will become a voluminous writer. His profound, conscientious, thoughtful art needs to work slowly, and to mature its conceptions before they are set forth in art shape and form. His intellect is, perhaps, subtle and fine rather than robust and virile; and, the creature being the product of the creator, his hero is distinguished more for sweet grace and tenderness than for strong, clear, healthy manhood. "John Inglesant" is a moral study in morbid pathology; but none the less is the study valuable and delightful, and pregnant with deep meanings. Not, therefore, is it less interesting to thoughtful readers who care for the higher things of question and of thought.

Mr. Shorthouse's style is one of calm, grave flow, deep and full, and always musical and picturesque. There is, in this writer, no effervescence of mind, no tone of levity. Singularly suited to the theme, the style does not rise above the level stream of sustained dignity and philosophic seriousness. There are not many dramatic movements, nor does the writer ever soar to tragedy. Placid and even, with a sweet use of finely chosen words, narrative, action, pictures, philosophy, disquisition, and dialogue, are all maintained in the exact tone which is true to the keynote of the deep and delightful book.

The individual spiritual needs and strivings of John Inglesant — long since quiet in the grave — are of moment to us, not only as they affected the individual, but as types of the sorrows and struggles of the soul of man. He, like so many other men, stands sadly in the shadow of infinite light and of divine truth. He wrestles — as so many other men wrestle — with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, and he suffers eventually from the deep

dejection arising from baffled straining after an unattainable divine ideal. He is ever striving, but never fully convinced. To the comfort of conviction in his exalted spiritual ideals of revelation he cannot fully attain, and remains in an attitude of sad, high, longing discontent. For he desired, with an unspeakable yearning, and through many tentatives, to see the face of God, to behold the beatific vision; though while acting in *cicca obediensa*, as the conscienceless automaton of priestly and immoral despotism, he could but obscure the light towards which he strained. Inglesant could reach to rapture in a temporary or seeming conviction of transient emotion; but in the cold light of common day, in the long hours of ordinary life, the weary wings of aspiration flagged and failed, and let the soul sink down again to question and to doubt.

And then came back the nameless sorrow, drawn from the depths of some divine despair, and the renewal of languid effort after the ever-receding unseen goal. His profound reverence, his ceaseless struggle, the ever-burning flame of his devout thought, seemed to droop under the chronic depression of a down-weighted spirit. There are men who are led by the facts of life to doubt of the beneficence of an inscrutable Deity; there are men who get no comfort from their faith, who get no answer to their prayer. The faith cannot penetrate mystery, the prayer does not seem to pierce through mist; and yet such men must still endeavor to trust, will pray though no answer be vouchsafed. But the state of soul which results from the long conflicts in which they have not been victorious is joyless and is dull. They trust, not faintly but firmly, the larger hope; but they know that hope is hope, and not conviction. They have knocked, but it has not been opened to them; they have yearned, but the yearning has not led to the promised result. They have failed to feel the quickening touch of the living God of revelation. They cannot hide that, as is sung in lines written long after the day of John Inglesant, —

Some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

but they also feel in deep dejection — as is sung in lines written long before the day of John Inglesant, but surely unknown to him — that we are but

Impotent pieces of the game He plays
Upon this chequer-board of nights and days;

Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

Of human help to satisfy the soul's doubts it is also written, —

Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu seyn.

Great Lessing says: "If God held, shut up in his right hand, all truth; and in his left hand the ever-active impulse after truth — that impulse being connected with a continual liability to err — and should say to me 'Choose!' I would, in all humility, seize the left hand, and say, 'Father, that one! Pure truth is for Thee alone!'" Greater Goethe, after long and ardent striving, attained to sovereign victory, and reached to light and peace. Many men are constantly straining, with failure or success, in the burning quest of the enthusiasm of conviction, and the blessing of assurance. Not always are those natures the lowest that fail in the divine conflict, and that have, wearily, to admit that they cannot reach the ideal of communion with God. Reading between the lines we can guess that Mr. Shorthouse is well acquainted with the spiritual struggles and sorrows which he attributes to John Inglesant; and it is necessary to realize this fact, to sympathize with such states of soul, before we can understand or sympathize with the essence of the book, or can pluck out the heart of Mr. Shorthouse's mystery. Incidents, description, and story would ensure for this book a certain amount of popularity; but, as regards his higher meanings, Mr. Shorthouse may fear that there are comparatively few that fitly will conceive his reasoning, or rise with him to the high level of his most noble and subtle thought shown in this spiritual, psychological, philosophic romance of "John Inglesant."

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE HERMIT OF SAINT-EUGENE.

UNTIL quite recently, any one who chanced to stroll out of Algiers towards evening, by the Rue Babel-Oued, and thence past the barracks to the dusty, evil-smelling suburb of Saint-Eugène, would have been pretty sure to meet him. Between four and five o'clock during the winter months, and a few hours later when

the long, hot summer had set in, it was his habit to walk up and down the stretch of highroad which borders the sea there, pausing sometimes to look across the blue waves towards France, or up at Notre Dame d'Afrique, rising dark on its hill-top against the fiery sunset. His tall, thin figure, his hollow cheeks, his drooping grey moustache, his threadbare coat, with its scrap of red ribbon in the button-hole, and something in his manner of carrying his head and twirling his cane which can only be described as a sort of deprecating jauntiness — all these things were apt to arrest the attention of the unoccupied stranger.

If such a person looked hard at him, he would return the gaze half timidly, half affably, and would probably end by raising his old, but carefully brushed hat, and saying, "Bon soir, monsieur," in a high, quavering voice. He was willing, upon slight encouragement, to enter into conversation, and would descant upon the beauty of the weather and the charm of the surrounding scenery, and similar commonplace topics, with a good deal of courteous fluency. "An adorable country, monsieur! — a divine climate! Figure to yourself that I came here twenty years ago, and that I have not yet been able to tear myself away! What would you have? — when one becomes old, one learns to value tranquillity above all things." But if by any chance his interlocutor grew inquisitive, asked where he lived, produced a card-case, or showed other signs of wishing to keep up the acquaintance thus begun, he would take alarm. His loquacity would cease, he would draw his heels together, lift his hat again, and "Monsieur," he would say, with a low bow, "j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon soir." With which he would retire hurriedly.

It was not that he had any desire to conceal either his name or his place of abode. M. Lelièvre was well known to all the inhabitants of Saint-Eugène, and any one of the dirty children playing on the beach, or of the black-browed women lounging in the doorways, or of the unshaven men playing bowls in their shirt-sleeves before the *cafés*, could have shown you his house — a white villa, with all its *persiennes* closed, standing in a neglected garden and shut in by rusty iron gates, upon the side posts of which, the inscription *L'Hermitage* in thin black letters was barely legible. That amount of information M. Lelièvre would have grudged to nobody; but he dreaded the society of

his fellow-creatures as much as he loved it, because he had once been hospitable, and could be hospitable no longer.

Time has moved so fast during the last decade, and changes have been so many, that probably only a very few people recollect M. Lelièvre as he used to be in the days of his prosperity—those good old days before the war, when an imperial official could afford himself a pretty villa in the suburbs as well as his house in the town, and could even go so far as to invest his surplus cash in a farm far away on the Metidja plain, which everybody said was sure to pay magnificently. In that happy pre-republican era, Saint-Eugène was as lovely a retreat as any official could wish for, and the guests at the merry breakfast parties which used to take place at the Hermitage several times a week were wont to swear, as they looked out upon the roses in the garden and upon the sea, glittering through a belt of palms and bamboos, that M. Lelièvre was the luckiest dog in Africa. He did not contradict them; his opinion, indeed, quite coincided with theirs. He had a sufficient income, congenial employment, a charming daughter; and if anything had been lacking to complete his happiness, the want was supplied when, after somewhat lengthy negotiations, he was able to announce Isabelle's betrothal to that aristocratic personage the Vicomte de Lugagnan. Perhaps he exulted a little too much over this latter piece of good fortune; perhaps M. de Lugagnan's name was rather too frequently upon his lips; and perhaps his friends sometimes laughed at him in their sleeves. If so, he was unconscious alike of incurring ridicule and of having given cause for it; for there never lived a more innocent or unsuspecting creature.

But all this is ancient history. There are no more breakfast parties at Saint-Eugène now, and such of the villas as have not been pulled down are inhabited by nobody knows whom. Saint-Eugène itself is lovely no longer. The devastating hand of modern civilization has fallen heavily upon it, pouring forth trams and omnibuses on to its highway, defiling its beach with drainage and rubbish, and making its shores hideous with mean habitations, where that strange and unprepossessing being, the French colonist, dwells cheerfully in an atmosphere of dust and mephitic gases. Possibly this sad transformation did not affect M. Lelièvre as much as it might have done, had his own transformation been less complete.

He fell with the fall of the empire, and on losing his appointment discovered, as many others have discovered under similar circumstances, that he had been somewhat imprudent in making no provision for a rainy day. When France was lying under the heel of the invader, and every able-bodied man was volunteering for active service, M. Lelièvre went off to fight for his country with the rest. He committed his daughter to the care of a lady friend of his (for his friends were still numerous then), and departed with his usual indomitable cheerfulness; but he came back a good deal aged and broken, only to find that his farm had been sacked during the Arab insurrection, and that his bailiff had decamped, leaving neither money nor address behind him.

This was a rather serious calamity; for the old gentleman had calculated that the sale of the farm and stock would help him out considerably with the *dot* of Isabelle, whose marriage was now about to be solemnized. It was not in the least likely that M. de Lugagnan and his family would consent to any diminution of the large sum agreed upon, and a rupture at the eleventh hour, if it had not broken Isabelle's heart, would assuredly have gone very near to breaking her father's. He passed through some weeks of mental agony; but somehow or other, the money was forthcoming at the required date; the marriage took place; the bride and bridegroom left for France; and M. Lelièvre might have sung *Nunc Dimittis*, had it not been the will of Heaven that he should live a good many years longer in a world which cannot have possessed many attractions for him.

It was now that the Hermitage began to deserve its name, and that its owner, who, with his old servant Marthe, only occupied three of its rooms, began to be known as the hermit. The sobriquet was conferred upon him, not by his former acquaintances, who had all gone away or had forgotten his existence, but by the humbler neighbors who watched his proceedings and manner of life with a certain curiosity. Neither from him nor from Marthe did they gain any information as to his circumstances; but if a man gives no orders to the butcher and seldom troubles the grocer, it is tolerably safe to conclude that his purse is as empty as his stomach. All Saint-Eugène was aware that M. Lelièvre did not sit for hours on the rocks with a bamboo fishing-rod in his hand merely *pour se distraire*, which was Marthe's explanation of that habit of

his. It was notorious that, with the hermit, Lent lasted all the year round; and if he could keep body and soul together with a few red mullet, such gleanings from the harvest of the sea were not grudged him by his fellow-citizens. "He will not be very fat when old Cohen decides to eat him up," they were wont to say, with grim pleasantry.

That he would be eaten up eventually none of them doubted. M. Elias Cohen, that wealthy Hebrew and powerful municipal councillor, had risen from the smallest of beginnings to his present high estate by nothing else than by eating people up, and that the poor hermit was already in his larder was evidenced by the fact that M. Cohen was the only visitor who ever rang the door-bell at the Hermitage. He was fond of calling there on Saturday afternoons, after performing his religious duties at the synagogue, and was often to be seen walking about the deserted garden with M. Lelièvre, whose gait at such times had no jauntiness at all. These periodical visits, it was true, had gone on for a matter of ten years, and the hermit was not yet devoured; but that proved nothing. M. Cohen had his plans and his fancies; you could never tell for certain what he meant to do with you; the only thing of which you might feel quite sure was that, when once you had fallen into his clutches, you would not escape from them again until death or ruin set you free.

One fine Saturday afternoon in January this redoubtable personage was sitting in M. Lelièvre's garden. He had carried out a wooden chair from the house, because the weather was hot and he was neither as young nor as thin as he had once been. M. Lelièvre was standing beside him, leaning on his stick.

"My friend," the Jew was saying, with the thick, oily utterance of his nation, "I have been very good to you. I have had patience—ah, what patience I have had!"

"M. Cohen," returned M. Lelièvre, who was a good deal agitated, "I have paid you interest regularly—and ah, what interest I have paid!"

"Are you going to say now that I have made you pay high interest?" shouted the other. "That would be perfect!—nothing more than that would be wanting! Oh, Elias, Elias, see what you gain by generosity! Not only are you kept out of the use of your money, not only do you miss opportunities of making your fortune from sheer want of capital; but those whom you have robbed yourself to serve

turn upon you and cut you to the heart with their ingratitude! Will you never learn to be just to yourself?"

M. Cohen was very fat, very dirty, and very ugly. His complexion and features were those of the Moorish variety of his race; but he had adopted the European costume. As he thus apostrophized himself, there was a mixture of cunning and sincerity in his tone which might have seemed comical enough, if his victim had been in a mood to appreciate the comic side of things. But poor M. Lelièvre had never felt less inclined to laugh in his life.

"Listen, M. Cohen," he said persuasively, after a pause; "you will not have long to wait for your money. When the *croque-mort* has come for me you will get everything. Could you not allow me to die in my old house?"

"Your old house! But it is not your house, it is mine; and precisely what I complain of is that it is old. You have not treated me well, my friend; you have cheated me by allowing this place to fall into ruins; and what is it worth now as security?"

"I am told that it is worth more than it was when I borrowed the money of you," answered the old man hesitatingly.

"Ah, M. Lelièvre, you should not say such things! You are trying to deceive one who has been very kind and forbearing with you, and you think that because he has shown so much weakness he must be a fool. Now that is very wrong; for I am as well aware as you are that house property in Saint-Eugène commands a lower price in the market than it did some years ago."

"And the new road?" cried M. Lelièvre eagerly. "You forget the new road which is to cut through the middle of my garden. It has been surveyed already, and only a few days ago I received the plans and a letter, asking me to state what I should require as compensation. I believe I might ask a large sum, for it will destroy my privacy. Would you like to see the papers?" And he drew them from his pocket with trembling fingers.

But M. Cohen waved them aside. "Ah, bah! the road is not made yet. They are always talking about roads and never beginning them. As for compensation, I can tell you, if you do not know, what that means. You will make your demand; you will be informed that it is excessive; the road will then be declared to be a measure of "public utility," and you will have to accept what is given you. It is not by

that transaction that you will make your fortune, my dear friend."

Now it was by no means unlikely that this prediction would be fulfilled in the case of a humble proprietor like M. Lelièvre, but a very different result was to be anticipated in the event of the Hermitage passing into the hands of M. Cohen, who had means of bringing pressure to bear upon the authorities which were not open to his unlucky debtor.

"For the rest," he added, with an air of indifference, "you can easily keep possession of this old ruin, if you hold to it. You have only to pay me what you owe me. But unless I am paid in three weeks' time, I must enter upon possession in your place. You have had ample warning, my dear friend; it is for you to make your arrangements." And without further words M. Cohen took his leave.

For some minutes after his departure the old man stood still on the same spot, tracing wavering lines in the dust with his stick. "Of what is monsieur thinking?" asked a gruff voice behind him, which caused him to start and turn round.

"My good Marthe," he replied, at once assuming a sprightly mien, "you would never guess. Is it not absurd that at my time of life I am beginning to feel the want of a change? Yes, decidedly I shall give up the Hermitage. After all, it is too large a house for you and me, and the neighborhood is not what it was, and — and there are great advantages in living in the town. I do not say in the European quarter, which is expensive and unhealthy; but in the Arab town, where the air is naturally purer, owing to the greater height —"

"Monsieur need not give himself the trouble to invent histories," broke in the old woman, whose yellow, wrinkled face wore an expression of mingled anger and pity. "I heard all that passed between monsieur and that animal of a Jew — and to-night I write to Madame la Vicomtesse."

"Marthe, you would never do such a thing as that!"

"Pardon me, monsieur, that is what I am going to do. Ever since mademoiselle's marriage it has been one pretext after another to keep the truth from her and prevent her from seeing you. You would not go over to France because you were afraid of the seasickness; you could not receive her here because you were having the house papered and painted — though heaven knows whether we have ever had a sight of paper or paint-brush!

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Then the children were born; then M. le Vicomte had business to attend to; and then this, and then that — what do I know? But now it is time that there was an end of all these excuses."

"Marthe, you do not know what you propose. You would break my daughter's heart."

"Supposing always that she has one," said the old woman drily.

"Supposing that she has a heart! — that Isabelle has a heart! What do you mean?"

"With all the respect that I owe to monsieur, I will permit myself the observation that I would not have allowed ten years to go by without seeing my father, whether he was papering his house or not."

"I know why you say that. You want to frighten me, and you think that I shall send for my daughter to convince myself that she has not changed. But you are mistaken. I shall never doubt her, and I will not have her distressed and put to shame. I swear to you, Marthe, that if you tell her of my difficulties I will never forgive you!"

"She shall be told nothing about them, then, since you are so obstinate," answered the old woman sullenly.

Nevertheless, she posted the following brief missive before she went to bed: —

"Madame la Vicomtesse, — I have the regret to inform you that monsieur is failing rapidly in health, and if you wish to see him again in this world, I think you would do well to postpone your visit to Algiers no longer."

The hermit flitted quietly from Saint-Eugène without waiting for his three weeks' period of grace to run out. He had decided to sell such furniture as remained to him, and he thought it would be well to get the auction over before M. Cohen, who was more given to seizing property than to surrendering it, became the owner of the Hermitage. He hired three small rooms in one of the few European houses which have been built near the Kasbah, or citadel, a quarter standing high in a physical sense and somewhat low in a moral one. M. Lelièvre affected to be delighted with it. It was occupation enough only to sit at the window all day long, he declared. The view over the port and the bay; the purple mountains of Kabylia in the distance; and nearer at hand the dazzling white houses, the minaret of the mosque of Sidi Ramdan, and glimpses of narrow, tortuous streets, through which Moors, Jews, negroes, and

veiled ladies in their voluminous white trousers and high-heeled shoes kept passing and re-passing — all these things he did not fail to point out to Marthe, who professed herself unable to discover the elements of beauty or interest in any one of them. It was a little tiring, to be sure, to climb up these steep streets from the French town; but that inconvenience, as M. Lelièvre observed, might be disposed of by the simple expedient of not going down to the French town.

He had, however, to descend thither once a week to get his letters — or rather his letter — from the post-office; for during all the years that they had been separated, his daughter had never omitted to write to him on Sundays, and he had of course been careful not to mention his change of address to her. He had not been long established in his new abode, when he returned from one of these periodical descents with a scared face.

"Marthe," he said, holding out an open letter in his shaking hands, "here is Isabelle, who announces to me her arrival for the day after to-morrow. What is to be done?"

"Is it possible!" cried the old servant, with every appearance of profound surprise.

"It is as I tell you. A sudden decision, she says — a long-promised visit — and I am to engage rooms for them at an hotel. Ah! Marthe, would you believe that I am such an old fool that I can hardly contain myself for joy? But she must suspect nothing — mind that! — she must suspect nothing. After all, concealment will be easier than if we were living at Saint-Eugène still. I shall explain that I am changing my house, and that I have taken lodgings in the mean time. They will not ask to see the lodgings, I hope. I shall place them at an hotel at Mustapha, which is more healthy than the town, and — farther away. All will arrange itself." And the old gentleman, who had got over his first feeling of alarm, rubbed his hands gleefully.

"It is impossible to tell at what hour the steamer from Marseilles will reach Algiers. Sometimes, when the weather is fine, it will enter the harbor at midnight; more often it comes in at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes not until several hours later. There is thus considerable difficulty about going on board to welcome friends from Europe, and no sensible person thinks of attempting such a thing. The proof that M. Lelièvre was not a sensible person is that he spent the

whole of the night which preceded his daughter's arrival in trotting up and down the quay, and trying to keep himself warm. For the best of all possible reasons, he had not brought a great-coat with him, and if he neither caught his death of cold, nor dropped from fatigue, it was probably because the special providence which is said to watch over children and drunkards, extends a little of its care to foolish old men whose daughters are about to be restored to them after a separation of ten years.

The sky and the sea were losing their delicate opalescent hues, and the glow upon the snowy Djurdjura Mountains showed that sunrise was near, when the wished-for steamer hove in sight, and M. Lelièvre hastened to secure a boat. He felt none the worse for his long vigil; his only regret was that he was not shaved. But perhaps Isabelle would not notice that. In other respects he felt that he was looking his best. His coat had been carefully brushed and inked at the seams, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was in his button-hole, an Arab boy had polished his boots beautifully for a sou, and Marthe had bought him a perfectly new pair of grey cotton gloves. "Not much appearance of penury here, I think," murmured M. Lelièvre complacently, as he hurried up the gangway of the steamer and gazed eagerly among the passengers in search of the one whom he hoped to meet.

He could not see her anywhere. There was a stout lady who resembled her a little; but — yes! certainly that tall, solemn man was M. de Lugagnan; and here, sure enough, was the stout lady flinging her arms round his neck and exclaiming, "But, papa, do you not recognize me, then?"

It was a moment of profound emotion. When the embracings were over, M. Lelièvre took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, shook it out, and blew his nose loudly; after which he proceeded to wipe his eyes, not being in the least ashamed to let people see that he was shedding tears of joy. He began to bustle about, insisting upon carrying as many of his daughter's packages as she would let him take; he hurried her and her husband into the boat and accompanied them to the shore, where he had ordered a carriage to be in waiting for them. When he was seated in the latter, with his back to the horses (M. de Lugagnan having allowed him to take that place, after some slight protest), he en-

tered upon a confused explanation of his inability to receive them at the Hermitage.

"You come at an unlucky moment — if your coming at any moment could be called unlucky. I am in the act of moving from my old house, and I could not ask you to the rooms which I have taken provisionally in the town — though, to be sure, they are very comfortable for a single man. For the rest, you will find yourselves in a better air and a more fashionable quarter at Mustapha Supérieur. Our poor Saint-Eugène is much changed since you saw it last."

Madame de Lugnagan, who had not been listening to him very attentively, caught up his last words. "But everything is changed!" she exclaimed. "This row of fine stone buildings, which look as if they had been picked up in Paris and dropped here by mistake — what do they call it? Boulevard de la République — it was Boulevard de l'Impératrice once, and it was not half as long. And the Rue Bab-Azoun, which we used to think so gay — how narrow and dark and dirty it has grown! And can this be Isly? — this vulgar faubourg, which might be an outlying quarter of Marseilles! Ah, yes; everything is changed. Everything, except you, papa," she added, with a slight laugh. "You are always the same."

The old gentleman was delighted with this compliment. He rubbed his hands and chuckled and nodded at his son-in-law, who said, with grave politeness: "In truth, M. Lelièvre, you appear to me to be in excellent health."

And yet he was as much changed outwardly as Isly and Madame de Lugnagan. It is true that in thought and speech he was exactly what he had always been; and perhaps that was what his daughter had meant. She sighed after she had spoken, thinking perhaps of a certain Isabelle Lelièvre, whom she vaguely remembered to have known long ago, and of whom this return to once familiar company and scenes reminded her. The world moves on and we must needs move with it: it is only hermits who, at the end of ten years, can boast that they have lost nothing of their former identity.

When he had conducted his beloved travellers to the door of their hotel, M. Lelièvre made as though he would have withdrawn, but they insisted upon it that he should remain and breakfast with them; and in truth his consent was not very difficult to obtain. The repast to which he presently sat down was not precisely a marvel of culinary skill; but, such

as it was, it was by far the most ample and the best-served meal that he had partaken of since Isabelle's marriage. The three glasses of champagne which he permitted himself brought the color into his withered cheeks and excited his unaccustomed brain. Something of the rather noisy joviality of those far-away years before the war came back to him, and broke out every now and then in an odd, fitful way, like snatches of an old air played out of tune. After breakfast, while he was sitting in the garden with his son-in-law, smoking a cigarette and sipping his black coffee, he exclaimed suddenly, "It is a dream! The good breakfast, the cigarette in the shade, the sunshine, the purple Bougainvillea on the wall yonder — you both — all as it used to be! Ah, Raoul, *mon ami*, do not speak: you might wake me!"

M. de Lugnagan, who could hardly be expected to share the ecstasies of this singular old person, with whom he had never been very intimate, smiled indulgently. He was quite willing to remain silent, having indeed nothing particular to say, and it was reserved for Isabelle to speak the word which should recall her father to actualities.

She came out of the house by-and-by, and leaning over his chair, said pleasantly: "Now, papa, we shall take you for a drive. We are going down to Saint-Eugène to see the old home. It is too bad of you to have abandoned it."

M. Lelièvre fell from the seventh heaven at once and landed on earth somewhat heavily. "Not to Saint-Eugène!" he exclaimed in consternation. "Not now, at all events, for it is exactly to-day that there is a little sale — some of the old furniture — useless things. No, no, my dear child, you must not go there; it would distress you."

Madame de Lugnagan, however, was not to be dissuaded. Her father did not dare to say too much, lest he should arouse her suspicions; but during the long drive down the hill, through the town and out again by the western gate, he was uneasy and absent-minded, feeling that there was danger ahead, and being conscious of one especial danger to which he hardly liked to give definite expression, even in thought.

At length they reached the villa, where the auction was in full swing; they met the purchasers coming away, bearing chairs and mattresses and what not; they walked up through the garden, and Madame de Lugnagan uttered shrill cries of

astonishment at the dilapidated aspect of all that had once been so trim and well cared for. But to these M. Lelièvre paid no heed; for there — just as he had feared — stood M. Elias Cohen before the door, his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets; and M. Cohen was by no means to be put off with a hasty bow.

He did not return the salute; he took one dirty hand out of his pocket, and shook his forefinger within a few inches of his alarmed debtor's nose with a gesture of bantering reproof. "Oh, M. Lelièvre!" he exclaimed, "what a hard man of business you are! To sell every stick at the last moment and leave me only the bare walls! It is not well to treat an old friend so — no, it is not well!"

"Another time, M. Cohen," whispered the old man, in great perturbation, "any other time I shall be most happy to talk with you; but I implore you to leave me now. Do you not see that I have my daughter with me?"

M. Cohen responded to this appeal by removing his hat with a flourish, and bowing low to Madame de Lugagnan, who was contemplating him in blank amazement.

"Madame la Vicomtesse," said he, "if you will permit me to advise you, you will make your poor father a little allowance and not trust him with capital. The best of men, madame, but extravagant — terribly extravagant. I have been obliged to claim this house, after waiting in vain for my money for many, many years. I might have claimed the furniture perhaps, but that I waive. I am a loser by the affair, madame, and if M. Lelièvre were to repay me and take possession of his house again, he would make a bad bargain. For the property, alas! is worth next to nothing."

The meaning of this speech was that M. Cohen, who knew that the new road would be made, and that the result would be highly advantageous to him, as owner of the Hermitage, was in a mortal fright lest Madame de Lugagnan should propose to pay off her father's debt. But if Madame de Lugagnan had any such intention, she did not divulge it. She turned away, without vouchsafing a word of reply to the Jew, and said, "Come, papa; let us go back to the hotel."

M. Lelièvre followed her, hanging his head like a naughty child. Fain would he have crept away home and hidden his shame; but that was not to be. "You will return and dine with us, papa," Ma-

dame de Lugagnan said, in a somewhat severe tone; and he did not refuse. Of course there must be an explanation; of course his daughter would insist upon making some provision for him in his old age; of course, too, she would feel hurt at his having concealed his want from her for so long. Almost he regretted that he had seen her again; the happy dream of the morning was likely to be paid for dearly. But at any rate she should not suspect that he had impoverished himself in order to provide her with her dowry. She must suppose that he had been extravagant, that he had made unlucky speculations — anything rather than the truth.

He had ample time in which to concoct some fresh scheme of duplicity; for when the hotel at Mustapha was once more reached, M. and Madame de Lugagnan, who had spoken little during the return drive, left him alone in their sitting-room, saying that they needed a little rest before dinner. The old man sat for some time there, gazing vacantly before him and drumming with his lean fingers upon the table. He was wondering whether Isabelle was displeased with him, and whether, after all, he might not be able to persuade her that he needed no assistance.

Suddenly a door slamming in some other part of the house caused that which separated Madame de Lugagnan's bedroom from the sitting-room to come unfastened. It was only a chink that was thus opened, and the two persons who were conversing on the other side of the door did not notice what had occurred. Their voices were plainly audible.

"I consider that I have every right to be annoyed," M. de Lugagnan was saying. "I am not more avaricious than another; but when a man gives his daughter three hundred thousand francs on her marriage it is reasonable to expect that he will leave at least as much when he dies. I have counted upon this succession; I have come here, at great inconvenience, because it was represented to me that there was a probability of — of its falling in before long; and what do I find? Why, not only that your father is in the best of health, but that he is in the worst of circumstances, and that so far from inheriting anything from him, I shall most likely be asked to contribute to his support!"

"It will not be for long, Raoul."

"Eh, who knows? It is proverbial that pensioners never die."

"But we need not give much. Five

thousand francs a year would suffice, I think."

"Five thousand francs! Are you aware, madame, that you are asking me to rob your children?"

There was a long sigh; and then Madame de Lugagnan's voice said plaintively, "It must be confessed that this is rather hard upon us both."

M. Lelièvre waited to hear no more. He stole noiselessly out of the house and trotted away as fast as his tottering legs would carry him. He was half-way down to the town before he found out that his strength was well-nigh exhausted. He dropped on to one of the benches by the roadside, and there sat until long after sunset, an object of some curiosity to the passers-by, one or two of whom stopped to ask him whether he were ill. He replied to them by a bewildered stare and a few muttered words. He was, in fact, not quite certain whether he was ill or not.

The moon had risen, and the Arab town was bathed in white light and black shadow, when at length he climbed to his lodging, where Marthe was impatiently awaiting him.

"Well," she said, "has the day been good?"

"Yes, Marthe," he answered, "it has been a good day, a happy day—a very happy day, but it has come to an end now, and I am a little tired, I think."

He drew the one rickety armchair which the room possessed to the open window, and sank into it, resting his elbow on the sill and looking out upon the jumble of white roofs beneath him and the silvery path of moonlight on the sea. "I have had many happy days," he murmured; "one must not ask too much of life. I remember in the time of the war there was a young fellow killed by a splinter of a shell beside me, and it brought the tears into my eyes. It seemed so sad, so cruel, that he should be sent out of the world when the world was still full of pleasant things for him; for he was rich and he had a great number of friends. A mistake, my good Marthe. We make many mistakes of one kind and another; but the worst mistake of all is to live too long. For that fault there is no pardon."

The old servant wanted him to go and lie down; but he said no, he thought he would sit still for a little and enjoy the moonlight; and so she left him.

When she came in early in the morning to sweep the room she was astonished to find her master still in the same attitude. "But, monsieur!" she ejaculated indig-

nantly, "what does this mean? Have you not been to bed, then?"

He did not reply; his head was turned away, and she thought he must have fallen asleep. It was only when she drew nearer and bent over him that she saw that he was dead. W. E. NORRIS.

From The London Quarterly Review.
LORD LYNDHURST.*

ALL literary and political circles have been eagerly looking forward to the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's biography of the famous Tory chancellor, who, for more than a quarter of a century, possessed an influence in the debates of our upper house of Parliament which is almost without parallel. Last December the first edition appeared. It was known that the writer had special sources of information in the letters and papers in possession of Lord Lyndhurst's family, to which he refers on his title-page, and some little disappointment is felt that these have not furnished more conclusive evidence as to various passages in the early history of the chancellor. But a writer of biography cannot be held responsible for lack of material, and Sir Theodore Martin has given us a book which will not only interest the general reader, but will show in his true proportions one of the greatest Parliamentary figures of this century—"the Nestor of the Conservative party."

Those who are aware that this is a polemical biography which seeks to expose the errors and slanders of Lord Campbell's sketch of Lyndhurst, in his eighth and last volume of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," will not be surprised at the sharp passage of arms in the columns of the *Times* to which the appearance of the first edition gave rise. The *Athenæum* (January 30, 1869), in reviewing Campbell's posthumous work, a few days after it had been given to the world, said: "Either Lord Campbell is an arch-calumniator, or Lord Lyndhurst . . . was the meanest, falsest, and most profligate being that ever held the great seal." This volume, which contained the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham, was edited by Mrs. Hardcastle (Lord Campbell's daughter), and was regarded by men of all

* A *Life of Lord Lyndhurst, from Letters and Papers in possession of his Family*. By Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1884.

schools of thought as a scandal to biography. Sir Charles Wetherell once said, in reference to the earlier volumes of the work, "Campbell has added a new sting to death." Lyndhurst himself expressed to Brougham his foreboding of the fate reserved for both of them in these biting words: "I predict that he will take his revenge on you by describing you with all the gall of his nature. He will write of you, and *perhaps of me, too*, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, for such is his nature."

In 1869 all the world learned that those were not idle words. The flippant, gossiping style of Campbell's work made it popular for a time; but it would have been more becoming in a society journal than in the biography of the two most memorable lord chancellors of this century, written by one who, having himself been keeper of the great seal, was familiar with the grave responsibilities of that high office. The late Lord Chief Baron Pollock, who knew both Campbell and Lyndhurst intimately, passed this verdict upon the work:—

This "Life of Lyndhurst" is, in my opinion, a most disgraceful production. It is written with the utmost possible malice and ill-will. It rakes together all the scandal and falsehood that was ever invented or written about Lord Lyndhurst, dishonestly publishing as true what is notoriously false, and insinuating by a sneer matter for which he well knew there was no pretence whatever. It is a biography written for the express purpose of degrading and vilifying a great man whom he hated, chiefly because he was aware he was largely the object of that man's contempt.

Readers of the new life will not, therefore, be surprised to find fifty to sixty distinct refutations of the earlier biography, nor to notice, as Mrs. Hardcastle says, in her letter to the *Times* (December 19), that Sir Theodore Martin heaps upon her father "phrases such as these—'recklessness,' 'incredible audacity,' 'impertinence,' 'malice,' 'falsifying,' 'garbling,' 'pure fiction,' 'gross misstatements,' 'calculated calumnies.'" She thus concludes her letter: "He [Sir T. Martin] repeatedly twits my father with being a 'self-appointed biographer.' Does he consider that it bestows either dignity or credibility on a biographer to be employed by others to blacken the character of a distinguished man personally unknown to him?" Sir T. Martin made a smart rejoinder to this charge (*Times*, December 22). He said that Mrs. Hardcastle "furnishes a very pretty illustration

of the adage as to *furens quid femina possit*," and in reply to her criticism of his description of Campbell's appointment to the chancellorship as an "imaginative account," he states that it is the record of an actual fact, carefully verified, and that with the warning example before him of the "Lives of the Chancellors," "to draw on imagination for my facts would indeed have been to court disgrace." These letters called forth a leader in the *Times*, which reproached Sir T. Martin for turning biography into an edge-tool, and reminded him that "a taunt is not the less rude that it is conveyed in half a Latin verse."

But the *Times* critic was himself criticised in an able letter, signed "E. B." (January 2). After speaking of "those scandalous pages which Sir Theodore Martin has most justly and wisely demolished forever," it proceeds:—

And here I utterly dissent from your article writer's sententious maxims about how biography should be written. Anybody who wants a result can manufacture maxims to produce it, and opposite ones would be just as easy and as good. Up to last month Campbell's was the "Life of Lyndhurst," and none in the next or the rising generation could know what it really was that called itself so. . . . The first thing then that any genuine biographer had to do, and to do all along, was to sweep the ground clear of its trail, and then write the true history; which substantially his present one has done.

Sir Theodore has adopted this last sentence in his preface to the second edition of the biography as a true statement of his position and purpose, and, in our judgment, he has done wisely. Any one who will read Campbell's biography, and will then study Sir Theodore Martin's, will feel that, however painful it might be to wound the feelings of Campbell's relatives, justice to the memory of a distinguished lawyer and statesman made it imperative to show the utter unworthiness of the first biography. For nearly fifteen years Lyndhurst's fair fame has been sullied by that work, and our only regret is that Sir Theodore Martin's answer was not published long ago. It is true that the late Mr. Hayward, whose acquaintance with Lord Lyndhurst, and so many of his friends and associates, gave him peculiar opportunity for investigating Campbell's charges, entered his protest in the *Quarterly Review* (January, 1869) against what he calls "the most studied depreciation of a career and character that we ever remember to have read," but the biography must

have had many readers who never heard of this and similar reviews, and were likely to be altogether misled by Lord Campbell's work. It has been said that the new biography has suffered from the frequent reference made to Lord Campbell's misstatements. We do not share this opinion. No life of Lyndhurst could have been of the slightest value which did not grapple with these charges. The references to the first biography give evidence of the critical temper in which Sir Theodore Martin has devoted himself to his work. They show that he was fully aware of Lord Campbell's charges, and has sifted the evidence carefully. So far from agreeing with the *Times* that "the memory of Lord Lyndhurst is avenged on the memory of Lord Campbell, and the majestic personality of the former disappears in the smoke of battle," we feel that Lord Lyndhurst's character is cleared from the most cruel insinuations, and that his whole career is set in a new and more attractive light.

John Singleton Copley, the future lord chancellor, was born in Boston on the 21st of May, 1772. His father, a portrait-painter in that city, had sent over to England, in 1766, a beautiful picture, "The Boy with the Squirrel," which he consigned to the care of Benjamin West. West had already achieved a reputation in London, and as the first American painter settled in this country, seemed likely to assist the new aspirant for artistic fame. He was greatly impressed by the talent displayed in this work, and is even reported to have said: "What delicious coloring! Worthy of Titian himself!" The picture thus strangely introduced to English art circles established Copley's reputation in this country. The rules of the Society of Incorporated Artists only allowed the works of members to be exhibited on its walls, but an exception was made in favor of this work, and when it became known that the painter had never been out of Boston, nor seen a picture by any of the great masters, the performance was considered a triumph of natural genius.

Notwithstanding the success of this picture, and of others which he sent over in the next few years, Copley hesitated long about removing to London. His profession brought him an income of three hundred guineas a year in Boston, which he considered equal to nine hundred in London, and though he earnestly desired to study the great art treasures of Europe, his mother and half-brother were entirely

dependent on him, and his marriage, in 1769, put so many fresh difficulties in the way, that the project had to be deferred for a time. By 1774, however, Copley had earned enough to afford himself a student tour in Europe, and to provide for the maintenance of his family during his absence. He reached London in July, 1774. Benjamin West received him with the greatest cordiality, showed him all that was best worth seeing in the metropolis, and exerted himself to procure sitters for his American rival before he set out for the Continent. Sir Joshua Reynolds also gave the young artist valuable assistance, and the hearty friendship and substantial help which he received in many quarters during his short stay in England were honorable alike to the London artists and to their American visitor.

Next year when Copley was studying in Parma, he heard that his wife and three children had arrived in London. His mother and half-brother, with Copley's youngest child, who was not able to bear the voyage, remained behind in Boston. Mrs. Copley's father, Mr. Clark, was the Boston agent of the East India Company, and to him were consigned those historic cargoes of tea which Boston citizens, disguised as Mohawk Indians, threw into the sea on December 16, 1773. Mr. Clarke's royalist sympathies had made his daughter's life in Boston very unpleasant, and when the struggle for independence broke out, she sailed for England. Her husband sympathized with the Americans in their struggle, and had a settled conviction that all the power of Great Britain would not reduce them to obedience; but the war made it impossible to earn a living in Boston for many years to come, and thus the family of the future lord chancellor settled in London. Fifteen months after Mrs. Copley's arrival in England, her husband rejoined her. It was a great disappointment to him to be delayed so long after his wife and children had reached this country, but means were limited, and success in after life required this careful preparation. When Copley returned to England, December, 1776, he felt that he was fully prepared for artistic work in London.

He soon obtained numerous sitters for portraits, and produced various pictures of dramatic or historic interest which gave him a high position among his brother painters, and helped to secure his election as a Royal Academician within three years after his return from the Continent. "The Death of Chatham," and

"Charles I. demanding the Surrender of the Five Members in the House of Commons," added greatly to his reputation. The latter picture had no fewer than fifty-eight likenesses, taken from original contemporary portraits lent to him by their owners, or studied in the country-houses where they were preserved. "The Death of Chatham," and what is perhaps his masterpiece — "The Death of Major Pierson" — are in the National Gallery.

We have dwelt long enough on the struggles and successes of the elder Copley to show the rare talent and industry which he devoted to his art. We must turn now to his more famous son. After living for a few years in Leicester Fields, the family moved to a small but commodious house, No. 25, George Street, Hanover Square. Here the painter died in 1815; here also his son, the lord chancellor, died in 1863. When Lord Lyndhurst married, he provided a home for his mother and sister at Hanwell, eight miles away, and this served as a summer residence for himself and his wife, his mother and sister meanwhile moving to George Street. When he became lord chancellor he would not desert the family home. He bought the next house and employed his talent as an architect in superintending all alterations necessary to throw the two houses into one.

Lord Campbell said that Lyndhurst suppressed his lineage in the peerages, and that the account of himself which he sent to them seemed "to disclose a weakness, that he was very unreasonably ashamed of his family." Nothing could be further from the truth. Burke's "Peerage" gives his father's name and profession, and it is well known that the old family home in George Street was full of his father's pictures, which the chancellor delighted to show to his visitors. He was proud of his family and of his father's fame in his profession. It would, indeed, be hard to find a son more devoted than Lord Lyndhurst. Lyndhurst and Brougham, the two great law lords of the century, who shared the honors of Parliamentary debate for so many years, were conspicuous by their family affection. Brougham's love and reverence for his mother are too well known to need comment here. Lyndhurst was equally unselfish and devoted. The famous "Family Picture" which his father painted of himself, his wife, and children, a few years after his return from the Continent, was a favorite with Lord Lyndhurst all his life. It hung in his dining-room, and as he was dying he pointed from his bed to the picture of himself,

standing as a little boy by his mother's side, and looking up to her with tender, smiling earnestness, and said to his daughter, "See, my dear, the difference between me here and there."

Copley was educated at Dr. Horne's school, at Chiswick, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1790. Over-confident in his fine memory and in his quickness of perception, he put off too long the preparation for honors, and had to make up for lost hours by working late into the night under the stimulus of strong tea and with wet bandages on his head. He came out, however, in 1794, as second wrangler, and second Smith's prizeman. "Perhaps," he said, in the letter to his friends which told the result, "you will be discontented that I am not *first*, but my health was my only enemy." Next year he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and this gave him an income of about £150 a year during the early struggles of his profession.

Before he finally settled down to his life-work, he paid a visit to America. His father had a small property at Boston, called the Beacon Hill Estate. It was only two've acres, but its value as building land was great, and young Copley having obtained from his university the appointment of travelling bachelor for three years, with a grant of £100 a year, went to see whether he could secure the property which had been imperilled by his father's removal to England. He found that according to American law his father was an alien, and agreed to a compromise, by which he resigned all claim to the estate on payment of £4,000. From Boston he wrote to his mother: "The *better* people are all aristocrats. My father is too rank a Jacobin to live among them." A few months later he says: "I have become a fierce aristocrat. This is the country to cure your Jacobins. Send them over and they will return quite converted. The opposition here are a set of villains." Such passages should be remembered in considering the charges made against Lyndhurst in after years, of deserting his principles to obtain political influence and preferment. He had serious thoughts of buying a good tract of land and settling down in America, but all such schemes were soon abandoned, and by the middle of 1797 he was again in England. Travel had enlarged his views and bound him to the land of his birth by many warm ties of friendship.

The serious business of life was now before him. He took his M.A. degree,

and attended the chambers of Mr. Tidd, the famous special pleader. The next six years were full of struggles. His business as a special pleader was not sufficient to maintain him, and his fellowship would expire in 1804, unless he took orders and entered the Church. He entertained serious thoughts of abandoning the law, but his father entreated him not to throw away the labor of so many years, and he yielded. The war with France, which had again broken out, made that a time of high prices and great depression in trade. The father's commissions were falling off, so that he could not assist his son, and it was useless to be called to the bar with no funds to go on circuit, or to maintain himself till business flowed in.

In his trouble his father wrote to Mr. Green, an American merchant who had married his eldest daughter in 1800, and asked the loan of £1,000 to enable the young lawyer to make his start in life. This help was instantly given, and Copley was called to the bar on June 18, 1804. He had no local connection with any part of England to guide his choice of a circuit and give him hope of support, but he selected the midland circuit and the Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire sessions. For four or five years he had his full share of struggle and disappointment. His mother speaks in her letters of this "terrible, uphill profession;" but at last the clouds lifted, and by the year 1810, she writes to her daughter: "I am sure you will join your thanks with mine to heaven for the blessing we receive from his good character, conduct, and success in his profession."

While the son was rising steadily at the bar the father's difficulties were increasing. His reputation stood as high as ever, and his hands were never idle, but the poverty of the country left no money free for purchasing pictures. The unsettled state of affairs, however, gave young Copley his first great rise in his profession. He held a brief at Nottingham, the centre of the "Luddite" movement, for a warehouseman, who had sent threatening letters to his employer, announcing that "fifty of his frames should be destroyed, his premises burnt, and himself and one of his leading assistants should be made personal examples of." The evidence was clear, and there could have been no possibility of escape had not Copley found a flaw in the indictment. It described Messrs. Nunn and Co. as "proprietors of a silk and cotton lace manufactory." They were manufacturers

of silk lace and cotton lace, not lace made of a mixture of silk and cotton. Copley took objection to the indictment on this ground, the judge sustained his objection, and thus, by what seems little better than a piece of sharp practice, the prisoner was acquitted. The barrister became the hero of the hour in Nottingham, and from that time he never wanted briefs when he came to the town. On such a thread hung Copley's fortunes.

From this time the barrister became the stay of his family. He was made serjeant-at-law the following year, and two years later, when his father died, leaving his house heavily mortgaged, and considerable sums of money due to creditors, he came to live with his mother and sister at George Street, and as soon as possible paid every penny of his father's debts. How much he had brightened the closing years of his father's life, and with what confidence the whole family circle regarded him in this great trial, may be seen from his mother's words:—

My son has of late years advanced all that he could spare, beyond what was necessary for his own immediate subsistence, and has not been able to lay up anything . . . it is impossible to express the happiness and comfort that we experience from so kind and affectionate a friend. . . . My husband blessed God, at the close of his life, that he left the best of sons for my comfort, and for that of my dear Mary, the best of brothers.

With such a letter before him the reader will know how to value Lord Campbell's words in describing Copley's forensic eloquence: it was "wonderfully clear and forcible; but he could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own bosom."

Serjeant Copley was conspicuous during these years for his great attention to his briefs. How far he was from being the slovenly advocate that Campbell represents, one incident will show. He was engaged in March, 1816, for the defendant, Mr. Moore, of Nottingham, in an action brought against him for infringing a patent for a spinning-jenny used in the manufacture of lace. The case was very important, and as Copley could not fully understand from his brief the points on which the action turned, he took the mail for Nottingham one evening. Next day he called on his client, and asked to see the machine in motion. Mr. Moore was delighted at such evidence of zeal, but his first impressions wore off when he had

spent a considerable time in explanation without eliciting a single word from his visitor. At last he stopped with the exclamation: "What is the use of talking to you? I have been trying this half hour to make you understand, and you pay me no heed!" Copley had been quietly thinking out the points of resemblance between this machine and that from which it was said to have been borrowed. "Now, listen to me," he said, and the astonished manufacturer not only found that Copley had mastered every technical detail of the machinery, but saw him take his seat at the frame and turn out a perfect sample of the net lace. He returned at once to London, where his lucid exposition of the working model shown in court and his closely knit argument easily won the verdict for his client.

The trial of the Spa Fields conspirators first brought Serjeant Copley under the notice of government. These conspirators were contemptible enough, and would have been severely punished if they had been charged with a misdemeanor, but the government put them on their trial for high treason, and their counsel were able to secure their acquittal from this charge. Mr. Weatherell had undertaken the defence of two of the men, on condition that Copley should be associated with him. He acted wisely in seeking such a colleague. Lord Campbell heard Copley's speech, and considered it "one of the ablest and most effective ever delivered in a court of justice." It missed no weak point in the evidence against the prisoners; it overlooked no favorable argument; and it had a glow of impressive earnestness which added greatly to its power. The jury returned a unanimous verdict of not guilty in the case of the first conspirator who was put on his trial, and the attorney-general immediately withdrew the charge against the rest.

Sir Theodore Martin effectually disproves the story told in the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1869), that Copley relied implicitly on Weatherell's occupying two days with his speech in defence; and, with the habitual indolence of his nature, put off preparing himself to follow until he should become aware of the ground over which his leader had travelled. Perdition, so the story went, stared him in the face when Weatherell sat down abruptly after two hours of rambling talk. Copley was just about to rise in utter unpreparedness and leap into the gulf, when his leader jumped up again and went on declaiming for the whole of that day and

half the next. This absurd story, which accuses Copley both of utter blindness to his own interest at a crisis of his fate, and of gross carelessness as to the life of his client, is effectually disproved by the report of the trial, which shows that Weatherell's speech was finished in one day, and gives not the slightest hint of any such pause in it as the reviewer describes.

The ability he had shown in the Spa Fields case was so conspicuous that the crown took care to secure Copley's services, and when the next State Trial was held at Derby he appeared as one of the counsel for the prosecution. Of course, his enemies now charged him with being a traitor to his old views. His successful pleading for the Luddites had made him the hero of the hour at Nottingham; his share in the acquittal of the Spa Fields conspirators had caused the populace of London to wear ribbons at their button-holes, stamped with the words "Copley and Liberty." These incidents lent some color to the charges, but every one is aware that, whatever his personal views may be, an advocate is bound to do his best for his client, and Weatherell, who was Copley's leader in the Spa Fields trial, was himself an ultra Tory.

In March, 1818, Copley took his seat in the House of Commons for Yarmouth (Isle of Wight). Lord Liverpool had suggested that he should enter the House, and Campbell says that the seat was offered "with the clear, reciprocal understanding that the *convertite* was thenceforth to be a thick and thin supporter of the government, and that everything in the law which the government had to bestow should be within his reach," and that Copley, "like another Regulus, braved the odium, the animadversions, the sarcasms, and the raileries which would follow this notorious case of 'ratting.'" These statements are thoroughly disproved by the new biography. Mr. Hayward says that "no one who knew Copley after his entrance into public life could discern a trace, a sign, a feature of the democrat. The Ethiopian must have changed his skin and the leopard his spots." The government, doubtless, was fully aware of Copley's general willingness to support their policy; and he must have known that there was prospect of high promotion before him, but there was no such agreement as Campbell describes. In the heat of party struggles Copley was charged with unfaithfulness to his early political views, but he always challenged his ac-

cuser promptly, and said that before the time of his entrance into the House he had never belonged to any political society or been in any way connected with politics.

In the beginning of 1819 he was appointed king's serjeant and chief justice of Chester; in June of the same year he was made solicitor-general. The tide of official promotion which was to bear him to the highest legal honors had now fairly set in. This year, so memorable for the beginning of Copley's official life, was also marked by his marriage to "a lady of brilliant qualities of mind and great personal attractions." She was the widow of Lieut.-Col. Charles Thomas, of the Coldstream Guards, who had been killed at Waterloo six weeks after his wedding. Mrs. Thomas was only twenty-four at the time of her second marriage. Her brilliant social gifts fitted her to take the place in society which her husband's official position opened, and the marriage was fortunate in every respect.

Copley was himself fond of society. He was a good dancer and a brilliant talker, so that he was in great request for balls and evening parties; but when he found his work at the bar increase he gave up these pleasures because they interfered with his profession. Campbell's sneer about Copley, when he became serjeant-at-law, implies that he had been bent on pleasure to the neglect of duty. "Accordingly he was coifed and gave gold rings, choosing for his motto 'Studiis vigilare severis,' which some supposed was meant as an intimation that he had sown his wild oats, and that he was now become a plodder." No one knows what these wild oats were; but every one who reads the home letters of this period will see how diligently Copley prepared for all his cases, and sought to master the science and practice of his profession.

There is no doubt that the solicitor-general knew how to make the best of his handsome person and fine manners. He always dressed more like a dashing cavalry officer than a judge. It is said that the chancellor, Lord Eldon, was shocked by the fashionable dress and smart cabriolet in which Copley used to drive about the streets with a tiger behind him, and asked his son what people would have said had they seen him drive about in that way when he was solicitor-general. Lord Eldon's son did not share his father's horror, and answered: "I will tell you, father, what they would have said. 'There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England.'"

The new solicitor-general spoke very little in Parliament during the first year or two he sat there. Whatever work he had to do as law adviser of the crown was done well; but Copley's early career is a great contrast to Brougham's. Copley made his fame outside the House; Brougham, by his audacity and eloquence in Parliament, raised himself in his profession. Copley's brilliant success in defeating Colonel Macirone's action for £10,000 against Mr. John Murray on account of the severe criticisms of his conduct in the *Quarterly Review*, was the town talk at the end of 1819. Macirone's counsel foolishly quoted from a book published by the colonel, and thus Copley was able to bring this book into evidence, and establish all the reviewer's charges by the plaintiff's own words. The part which he took next year in the Cato Street prosecution still further increased his high reputation as an advocate.

But the "battle of giants" was the trial of Queen Caroline. Brougham conducted the queen's cause with a resource and audacity which are unequalled in the history of the English bar. His position was beset with difficulties. The king was against him, and the queen's imprudent conduct on the Continent greatly strengthened the charges against her; but Brougham's courage never flagged, and he earned "immense glory and popularity" by his defence of her Majesty. Copley also won great praise from his share in the conduct of the prosecution. His cross-examinations showed rare skill—"that of Flynn" (as Denman, one of the queen's counsel, said) "restored a lost cause." The solicitor-general's courtesy and calmness of demeanor, the fine judicial temper which he preserved throughout the trial, and the clearness and vigor of his argument, won him the highest praise, and exempted him from the obloquy which was so generally heaped upon the managers of that painful case.

In January, 1824, Sir Robert Gifford was appointed chief justice of the common pleas, and Copley succeeded him as attorney-general; two years later he was made master of the rolls, with an income of £8,000 a year; and eight months later still, on the 30th of April, 1827, the great seal was delivered to him, and he was raised to the peerage as Lord Lyndhurst.

He had now attained the highest object of a lawyer's ambition. He was three times chancellor, and for more than thirty years was supreme in the House of Lords. Brougham was more eloquent than Lynd-

hurst, but his gifts found their most fitting sphere in the Commons. Lyndhurst was vastly his superior in all those qualities that give influence among the peers. His handsome person and courtly manners gave him an imposing air when he was arrayed in the chancellor's robes. His mind was of "the highest order of pure intellect." He had a deep, rich, voice, and a command of words that came with ease yet were exquisitely apt. Lyndhurst despised mere rhetoric. One of his friends, Sir Samuel Shepherd, said of him that there was "no rubbish in his mind." Brougham, full of restless energy, was always in the lists. Lyndhurst only stepped down to fight when some worthy cause demanded effort. He thus described his method of preparation to a friend:—

Brougham says that he prepares the great passages in his speeches, and he weaves them with wonderful dexterity into the extempore portions. The seams are never apparent. I am not able to perform that double operation. Such an effort of verbal memory would interfere with the free exercise of my mind upon the parts which were not prepared. My practice is to think my subject over and over to any extent you please; but with the exception of certain phrases, which necessarily grow out of the process of thinking, I am obliged to leave the wording of my argument to the moment of delivery (p. 307).

Lyndhurst never used notes in speaking. During his great speech at the trial of Queen Caroline, Denman several times challenged his accuracy, but reference to the reports always showed that he was correct. When on the bench he trusted to his chief clerk for taking notes of evidence, but he was always ready to sum up without delay, and to present the evidence lucidly to the jury without reference to notes. He disliked the trouble of making notes, kept no diary, and burned most of his letters; but he had trained his memory to do the work which lesser mortals trust to note-books, and his powers never failed him. His judgment in the case of "Small v. Attwood" was one of the most wonderful ever heard in Westminster Hall. The point at issue was the validity of a contract for the sale of some coal and iron mines in Staffordshire. It lasted twenty-one days. One barrister received a brief fee of five thousand guineas. Lyndhurst's judgment was "entirely oral, and, without referring to any notes, he employed a long day in stating complicated facts, in entering into complicated calculations, and in correcting the misrepresen-

tations of the counsel on both sides. Never once did he falter or hesitate, and never once was he mistaken in a name, a figure, or a date."

But we must return to Lyndhurst's first chancellorship. It lasted from April, 1827, to November, 1830, under three premiers—Canning, Goderich, and Wellington. Two of the chancellor's first acts, in 1828, were characteristic of the liberal spirit in which he dispensed the patronage of his office. He gave a commissionership in bankruptcy to young Macaulay, and presented Sydney Smith to a canonry at Bristol and to the living of Combe Florey, near Taunton. This recognition of merit irrespective of party reflects great credit on the chancellor. His patronage was dispensed in the most conscientious manner. His enemies ventured to accuse him of selling his Church patronage to add to his income, but he at once produced all the papers and scattered all such calumnies to the winds.

In his first chancellorship the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed. Lyndhurst had opposed this measure for years, on the ground that concessions could not be made to the Catholics without danger to Protestantism and to the country. In 1828, however, concession could no longer be withheld. Ireland was on the verge of rebellion. Sir Robert Peel had long been in active opposition to this measure, but he now saw that it could not be delayed without the gravest danger. He would gladly have retired from office, for he knew that he must expose himself to the "rage of party, the rejection by the University of Oxford, the alienation of private friends, the interruption of family affections. But to refuse was impracticable." The Duke of Wellington had reached the same conclusion as Peel. To leave the matter in the hands of the opposition would have been dangerous, as the king's hostility to them would have caused great delay. Under these circumstances the government brought in their famous Catholic Relief Bill.

Lyndhurst fully shared the views of the duke and Mr. Peel, and supported the measure in the House of Lords. Lord Eldon, the ultra Tory ex-chancellor, moved heaven and earth to throw out the bill. He attacked Lyndhurst violently, and the House of Lords witnessed some sharp encounters. Eldon interrupted the chancellor after one of his remarks, by asking, "Did the noble and learned lord know this last year?" Lyndhurst's answer was ready. "I did not; but I have

since been prosecuting my studies. I have advanced in knowledge, and, in my opinion, even the noble and learned lord might improve himself in the same way."

When his party resigned office in 1830, the new premier, Earl Grey, offered Lyndhurst the appointment of chief baron. It was a welcome offer. The ex-chancellor had no private fortune. His income in the early years of his professional life had been swallowed up by the needs of his family, and the payment of his father's debts. Since he took office he had had to maintain such a prominent position in society, that there had been no opportunity to prepare for the future. It was a serious thing to come down from £14,000 a year to £4,000, and although it was unusual for the ex-chancellor to accept a judgeship, there was no legal difficulty in the way, and his late colleagues were glad that he should be thus provided for. His appointment also saved the country the ex-chancellor's pension of £4,000 a year.

During the four years he was chief baron, Lyndhurst entirely changed the character of his court. The despatch given to cases, and the respect inspired by his decisions was such that the court became a favorite with legal practitioners, and the most busily occupied of all the courts. "Nothing confused or mystified him;" he saw at a glance the weakness and the strength of every argument. His unflinching courtesy also made him a great favorite at the bar.

His second chancellorship was during the one hundred days of Peel's government. When the Cabinet resigned, he found that his retiring pension was raised from £4,000 to £5,000. He was now no longer burdened by the duties of chief baron. He carefully attended the sittings of the House of Lords, and took a leading part in its debates. On the 18th of August, 1836, he delivered the first of his famous reviews of the session, which did so much to shake the Melbourne administration. Mr. Disraeli, then acting as his private secretary, is said to have suggested these reviews. They were masterpieces of the contemptuous style of oratory. The Conservative ex-chancellor often found himself supported by Lord Brougham, whom Melbourne had cast adrift, and it was hard work for the government to make headway against such opposition.

Lady Lyndhurst died in Paris on the 15th of January, 1834. She had spent the autumn there with her daughters, and her husband had joined her for the vacation.

Soon after his return she was seized with congestion of the lungs, and died after a few days' illness. It was a great blow for Lord Lyndhurst, and it was long before he gained his usual buoyancy of mind. He had never ceased to be "fond and proud of his handsome wife," whom Lady Charlotte Bury compared to one of Da Vinci's pictures. Two years later he sustained a fresh bereavement in the death of his mother, at the great age of ninety-one. She retained to the last "her memory and intellect unimpaired, and even her personal beauty." She had seen her son achieve the highest distinction, and owed the comfort of her declining days to his love. A beautiful story of filial devotion closed then! In August, 1838, Lord Lyndhurst was married to Georgina, daughter of Louis Goldsmith, Esq. He had been introduced to the lady in Paris, and he found in this union unbroken happiness.

In September, 1841, Lord Lyndhurst received the great seal for the third and last time under Sir Robert Peel. He remained in office until 1846, when the Protectionists, who were indignant at the repeal of the Corn Laws, joined with the Opposition to throw out the government Coercion Bill for Ireland.

Lyndhurst was now seventy-four years of age, and felt, like Sir Robert Peel, that he had bidden adieu to office forever. He made an attempt to unite the Conservative party again, but it was unsuccessful, and led to a sharp encounter with Lord George Bentinck, who was then the head of the Protectionists in the House of Commons. Bentinck seems to have been anxious to damage Lyndhurst in public estimation, and charged him with being party to a "nefarious job" in reference to some appointments. The ex-chancellor's reply left him, however, without an inch of ground to stand on.

Lord Campbell says that Lyndhurst was not in the confidence of Peel and the Duke of Wellington. If we were to accept his statements we should come to the conclusion that Lyndhurst was a cipher in the Cabinet, and was treated with marked disrespect by Peel. Here is one quotation out of many: "Peel, having soon discovered Lyndhurst to be pretty much devoid of principle, and very unscrupulous as to the performance of the duties of his office, had never acted with him cordially, and always regarded him with suspicion." For answer we must make two quotations. In 1848, Sir Robert wrote to a friend about Lyndhurst,

who had just been paying a visit to him at Drayton Manor: "I have had some colleagues with whom I have lived while in office on terms of greater personal intimacy, but none whose society was more agreeable, or on whom I could more confidently rely when real difficulties were to be encountered." In 1836, the Duke of Wellington wrote to Lyndhurst: "You have established yourself not only as the first speaker in the House of Lords, but as the first in your profession, — whether in a court of law or of equity, or in the House of Lords." On some points Lyndhurst does not seem to have been in perfect accord with Peel, but he was evidently honored with a full share of confidence by both the duke and Sir Robert, and possessed great influence in the Cabinet.

After 1846, Lyndhurst spent his hours of leisure quietly at Turville Park, about six miles from Henley-on-Thames. He had taken a fourteen years' lease of the property in 1840, and as it had sixty acres of land he could now gratify his love of country life and farming. He suffered much from cataract. During great part of the year 1849 he could neither read nor write, and it was not till July, 1852, after two operations, that he somewhat recovered the use of his sight. He showed great energy in the debates of the upper house, and took a leading share in opposing the important Canadian Losses Compensation Bill. About this time Lord Stanley offered him a seat in the Cabinet as president of the Council, with an earldom. He declined this flattering offer, but acted as a firm ally of the new government. A low rail was fixed to the bench in front of his usual seat in the House of Lords, upon which he was able to lean for support while speaking. His denunciation of Russia (1854), his speech against life peerages (1856), on the state of our national defences (1859), and many other speeches made during these years, show that his powers of mind were as fresh and strong as they had been thirty years before. Even his last speech, on May 7, 1861, when he was eighty-nine years of age, showed the old vigor.

These last years of the ex-chancellor's life were filled with many pleasant literary pursuits. He revived his memories of old writers who had been studied in youth, and greatly delighted in modern science and modern literature. One day his niece found him studying a ponderous legal folio, and said that she supposed that this was his favorite study. He drew out a small volume from under the folio, and an-

swered: "I like this far better; so well, I wish you would read it. It reminds me of my boyhood." The book was "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Some very pleasant incidents, given in this volume, show the friendly relations which had long existed between the old statesman and Mr. Gladstone. This is Mr. Gladstone's estimate of his power: "Of all the intellects I have ever known, his, I think, worked with the least friction."

Miss Stewart, a lady who lived for many years in the family as governess and companion to Lord Lyndhurst's daughters, contributes some interesting reminiscences. Once, when his aged, unmarried sister, who lived with him, was very ill, she says, "I met him coming out of her room. He was in tears. 'My sister and I have been very fond of each other. We have lived all our lives together,'" he said. The tender, warm family affection of Lord Lyndhurst speaks loudly in his praise.

When blindness was coming on, the old chancellor spent much time in getting by heart the Psalms and the daily services of the Prayer-book. He nearly knew them all. One morning Miss Stewart went into his room, and found him

in his easy-chair, with a grave, almost solemn, expression on his face. Before him, the Church Prayer-book held open by both her small hands, stood his youngest daughter, of seven or eight years of age, hearing him repeat the prayers, and now and then prompting and correcting him. The old man, the judge and statesman, and the little child, so occupied, made a picture that could not be seen without bringing tears to the eyes. He liked no one to hear him his lesson, he said, but his little girl.

There is other evidence also of the deep interest which religious matters had for Lord Lyndhurst in these last years of his life. He studied the evidences of Christianity, and reached a firm conviction of the truth of revelation, and a humble belief in the great articles of the Christian faith. When the end came he was ready. His friends asked him if he was happy. In feeble accents he answered, "Happy? Yes, happy." Then, with a stronger effort, he added, "Supremely happy!" Soon afterwards, in the early morning of October 12, 1863, he passed gently and tranquilly away in the ninety-second year of his age.

This splendid career was achieved by an American painter's son, without resources or influence, solely by the force of industry, high character, and intellectual pre-eminence.

Copley reached the highest point of his

profession when he was made lord chancellor in 1827; but it may fairly be said that, so far as his Parliamentary career was concerned, he only showed his full powers after his elevation. He can scarcely be said to have gained the ear of the Commons during the ten years he was a member of the House. In that arena he could not compare with his great rival Brougham. His powers found their proper field in the upper house. It may almost be said that Brougham was shelved when he was made chancellor. Lyndhurst, on the contrary, reached the scenes where his talents shone out, and won him conspicuous and enduring influence. His was the empire of keen intellectual supremacy. Brougham himself said that Lyndhurst "was so immeasurably superior to all his contemporaries, and indeed to almost all who had gone before him, that he might well be pardoned for looking down rather than praising."

Intellectual force is the secret of Lyndhurst's marvellous influence. He could unfold "a subject in such a manner as to carry conviction by mere strength of exposition. It used to be said when he was at the bar that the statement of a case by Copley was worth any other man's argument" (*Edinburgh Review*, April, 1869). This power made him conspicuously successful at the bar and in the House of Lords. During the four years that he sat on the bench as chief baron the same luminous intellectual force marked all his work. As chancellor he had to deal with a branch of the law in which he had had no practice at the bar; but he was at home with his work as chief baron, and those who are best able to judge acknowledge that if all his powers had been devoted to the bench he would probably have rivalled even such a high judicial reputation as that of Lord Mansfield. But though Lyndhurst presided with such eminent ability in his court, he knew that he would soon be called back again to the struggle of politics, and time was not granted him to build up a great reputation on the bench.

Before Copley entered Parliament he is said to have held radical views, but the evidence is of the vaguest kind, and does not amount to much more than the free talk of circuit life among barristers. Sir Theodore Martin's book does not furnish a conclusive answer to this charge; but even if the accusation could be fully proved, there would be nothing dishonorable to Lyndhurst in the fact that he was touched by the influence of the French

Revolution, which so powerfully stirred society at the beginning of this century.

As to his political consistency after he entered the House, it may fairly be maintained that he "neither changed more nor less than other statesmen whose characters have never been impeached." No dispassionate student of the political life of this century will refuse his tribute of respect to Sir Robert Peel's conduct in reference to Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws. Any statesman worthy of the name must be prepared to modify his views as new circumstances arise, or the whole fabric of the State will soon tumble about his ears. Lyndhurst did little more than this. If he is more open to the charge of inconsistency than Sir Robert Peel this must be attributed to his peculiar position as a "law lord." He was the champion and exponent of party policy; in Parliament and out of Parliament he was an advocate, the greatest advocate of his generation.

Sir Theodore Martin's work is not only an interesting biography, it is a successful vindication of Lord Lyndhurst from the grievous aspersions cast on him in the "Lives of the Chancellors." Men of all political parties have an interest in such a conspicuous figure of our century, and may be glad to pay their tribute to the intellect and heart of the man who was the pillar of his home, one of the great lights of his profession, and who so largely shaped the statute-book of the country and exerted such commanding influence in our upper house for more than thirty years.

From The Sunday Magazine.
AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A PEEP INTO THE WORLD'S WAYS.

THE voyage to Edinburgh was got over—as such voyages are in the lives of those to whom they are adventurous novelties—with mingled raptures and qualms, with expressions of delight in "a life on the ocean wave," sinking into inward resolves that if one ever gets safely to land, one will never set foot on a ship again, unless, indeed, it might be to return whence one came, never more to depart hence. Such resolves, however, are gen-

erally quite forgotten within an hour after landing. For our memory always colors a sea voyage with the glowing pleasures of its close—the arrival, as the Psalmist expresses it, “at the haven where we would be.”

Mrs. Brander, who had remained with friends in Edinburgh while her husband and daughter made their trip to Ultima Thule, was down at the docks, awaiting them in her carriage. Mrs. Mail, Kirsty's aunt, was there also, standing close beside the carriage. Mrs. Brander had been speaking to her, and after Mr. Brander had exchanged a few words with his wife, Mrs. Brander called Mrs. Mail again, and with an eye critically fixed on Kirsty, told the aunt that it had just occurred to her that if, in a day or two, she and her niece came up to where Mrs. Brander was staying, she might—Mrs. Brander could not promise she would—but she might—receive a proposal which would be most advantageous to her. Then the Brander carriage drove away, Mr. Brander shouting back to Robert Sinclair, “Shall be in London next week—and mind you don't forget me—but I shan't let you.”

“Why, aunt, do you know that lady?” whispered Kirsty, so overcome by the plumes on Mrs. Brander's bonnet, and the gold bracelet on the wrist visible at the carriage door, that she did not notice her hard tones, nor the absence of kindness in her words.

“I go charing sometimes for the family the lady is visiting,” answered the aunt, “so she knew my face, Kirsty, and when she saw me at the docks to-day, she called me, thinking I might have been sent after her with some message. Then I told her I was expecting a young niece a-looking for a place. It would be the making of you if you got employed by that kind of people, Kirsty.” Mrs. Mail was meanwhile making suggestions of curtsies towards Robert Sinclair, who appeared in her eyes as one travelling with Mr. Brander's party—perhaps even of his family—for the carriage had gone off so laden with luggage, that it was quite likely that any youth—even though a son—should have been left to follow on foot. Mrs. Mail did not heed Tom Ollison.

“Where are your things, Kirsty?” she asked. “I'll reckon you'll not have more than you can carry.”

Kirsty had a strong, heavy box and a basket. She and her aunt might just manage to carry these between them, but they would certainly require all their strength.

“Well, I suppose we'll part from you here, Kirsty,” said Robert Sinclair. “We are going straight to the railway station, and Mr. Brander said we should only just have time to get some refreshment before the London train starts. So, good-bye, Kirsty, and I hope you'll get a good place and do well.”

He did not shake hands with Kirsty. He had just shaken hands with Henrietta Brander, and somehow it began to seem to him not quite natural to offer the same salutation to both. Tom Ollison held out his hand to the girl, and then paused, to ask Mrs. Mail,—

“But which way are you going? Does your road lie towards the station?”

“Yes,” she said, “it do; an' it's a good step. I reckon this box will take a day's work out of me.”

“I'll give you a hand,” answered Tom, “as our ways are the same. The weight's nothing to me.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Mail quite composedly. “I like to see a young man make himself handy.”

“What has become of your own luggage?” Kirsty asked.

“Mine and his,” answered Tom, nodding towards Robert, “and a lot of goods of all sorts are being taken on a cart straight from the ship to the train.”

Robert Sinclair looked round, saw what had come to pass, and walked on, several paces ahead. Kirsty followed behind with the basket, a little mystified, and feeling that she was already learning many “ins and outs” of the world of which she had never dreamed. Tom Ollison's ready helpfulness was only what her general island experiences would have led her to expect from anybody. But it began to dawn upon Kirsty that this was not quite “the correct thing” here, and also that surely there was some distinction of degree between Robert and Tom, of which the islanders had never dreamed, but which, had they been fairly questioned on such a matter, they would probably have reversed, since the ample hospitality of Clegga Farm and the kindly despotism of old Ollison were much more impressive in their eyes than the cramped Quodda schoolhouse, and the light rule of the easy-minded schoolmaster. But there was no doubt that the Branders were “the gentry,” the owners of Wallness and St. Ola could be no less, and it was very clear that there was a very different relationship between them and Robert Sinclair, and between them and Tom Ollison. Kirsty had not heard that the first offer

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of the vacant seat in their trap had been made to Tom, and it never occurred to her that the money she had seen him expend on herself and the Laurensens would have amply sufficed to make him the Branders' cabin companion. It began to seem to Kirsty that Robert must be "more of a gentleman" than Tom. It is a truth, and a very sad truth, that in the great averages of human intelligence and feeling, there is, reversing the divine order, a terrible aptitude to value those who take above those who give, those who are served above those who serve. When Jesus' washing the disciples' feet had not become a sacred picture, framed in the sentiment of centuries, but was an actual fact of the day, with all its little matter-of-fact concomitants, perhaps it would have needed another Jesus to fully understand and appreciate the incident. This failure of comprehension and sympathy in the human mind and heart lies about the very root of many upas-trees of human life, which it is in vain to cut level with its ground, as long as the root remains to sprout again. He who brings one human soul to the perfect and practical understanding of the sacred rule, "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister, and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all," has done more for the cause of eternal freedom and progress, than he who succeeds in abrogating whole codes of unjust laws, while leaving untouched the Christlessness in which they originated.

Tom found he could just spare time to help the two women with the heavy box up "the stair," on the top "land" of which Mrs. Mail lived. He could not linger a moment more, so that he barely noticed the admiring glances which Kirsty threw round the apartment into which her aunt led her. It was one of two, that formed Mrs. Mail's house, which was certainly not too roomy for her requirements, since she had a husband and grown-up children. But in spite of sundry queer gabled corners, it had large, clear-paned windows, a "fitted grate," and "four-post" bedsteads, so that its proportions and appointments seemed magnificent to Kirsty's Shetland eyes. What gay wallpaper! What pretty chintzes! What wonderful ornaments (in the way of Bohemian vases and paper flowers)! And nothing seemed stained with damp and weather, as everything was in Shetland! Oh what a pity granny was too old to leave home, and too blind to see much if she did! For Kirsty felt as if she had indeed come

to a land overflowing with comforts and luxuries. Not in that first delicious bewilderment could she realize what it was to be surrounded by acres of sordid houses, through whose many fever stricken rooms the fœtid air crept heavily, in place of that pure north wind which blew in from the sea to wage a not unequal or unsuccessful struggle with the darkness and disease of Shetland hovels. Not then could she understand how it felt to lie wakeful at night, listening, not awed and elevated, as she used to be, by the roar of the tempest, but shrinking from the polluting clamor of drunkards and abandoned women in the street below, while the first sounds that would greet one in the morning would be no longer the glad cry of the sea-gulls, but the wails of children who wanted breakfast and found none.

Kirsty was so taken up by all she saw, that she was not very prompt in her thanks to Tom for his kindness, and when she saw him run off, she scarcely realized that he was really away at last, and that there was no knowing when or where she should see him again. Mrs. Mail did not thank him at all; he was only a fellow steerage passenger of Kirsty's, who had done a civil thing, and the aunt asked him carelessly if he would stay and take a bite with them, and when he said he was in too great a hurry, she let him depart without more question or ado.

"Oh! is he really gone?" cried Kirsty, as, looking from the window, she saw Tom scampering off, at full speed, down the street. "Oh! dear, dear, and I scarcely said good-bye, or even thanked him!"

"And what's all this work about?" asked Mrs. Mail drily. "I asked him to stay for a cup of tea if he liked—one couldn't do no more than that. What's the young man to you, I'd like to know? It won't do for you to go picking up with strangers and getting so thick with them in this place, I can tell you!"

Mrs. Mail's own daughters kept her hands full and her temper sour, only she judged them to be "pretty well able to take care of themselves." But if she was to have another girl thrown upon her, equally wilful and wrong-headed, plus a primitive ignorance and simplicity, then "there would be a nice mess," and "the piper to pay." So she thought she had better begin at once with mysterious hints and warnings which might keep Kirsty safe in a wholesome terror, until she, too, understood the ways of the world.

"Stranger!" echoed Kirsty, astonished.

"That was Mr. Tom from Clegga Farm. He's going up to London with that other one who walked on in front."

"What! the young gentleman who was with Mr. Brander and his daughter?" asked Mrs. Mail.

"That was Robert Sinclair, son of the schoolmaster at Quodda," returned Kirsty, with a slightly resentful accent, for she noticed the difference in her aunt's phrase concerning the two, and did not resent it the less that it was in harmony with her own recent thoughts.

"He's quite a gentleman, whoever he is," said Mrs. Mail. "You might be sure of that, or Mr. Brander wouldn't have been speaking to him. The Branders are real grand people, ever so rich. Very likely the young gentleman is well connected; they think a great deal of that sort of thing."

"I don't think Mr. Brander had ever seen or heard of Robert Sinclair before to-day," persisted Kirsty, still vexed, she hardly knew why.

"Ah! the same sort soon find each other out," said Mrs. Mail, uttering truth in a false connection, as we are all so apt to do. "That's the real thing, as I say to Mail, when he's going on about freemasonry, and what a grand thing it is for masons to know each other all over the world. Says I, 'Mail, there is none living would ever take you for anything but what you are, and that's a common working man — and no mason at all — but just a plasterer!'"

Kirsty listened, dumb-founded by this flood of new ideas and incomprehensible theories. Her aunt went bustling about. Presently she resumed, —

"The girls will be in by-and-by. It's high time they're come, and they won't dawdle about this evening, keeping me waiting, as they often do, because they're expecting you'd get in about now. And as soon as you've had something to eat, I reckon you'll be glad to go to your bed, for there's little rest worth mentioning to be had on board ship. And then I dare say they'll be off out again as they generally are."

Kirsty was just explaining that, though she had been very wakeful during the earlier stages of her voyage, yet she had enjoyed some capital sleep later on, when her cousins arrived, and greeted her with an effusion which would have been kinder had it not been too palpably inquisitive and even a little sarcastic. They were tall girls, quite young women, and seemed much older than Kirsty, who decided that

Jane, the elder, was the prettiest, but that Hannah had the pleasantest manner. They both spoke quickly and shrilly, and addressed their mother impatiently, as if she had always disappointed their expectations, and was sure to do so. They were dressed in very cheap, but showy and unserviceable garments, smartly made. Jane had a long feather round her hat, and Hannah a bunch of frowsy poppies in front of hers, and she wore a ring with red and blue stones on one of her fingers.

They asked carelessly after "father," and were told that he had got a job which had taken him into the country, and would keep him there for a few days. Whereupon Hannah said jocularly that that was "a good job," and she presently asked Kirsty whether she had quite made up her mind to domestic service? Wouldn't she like factory life a deal better? — one had one's evenings to one's self.

"Kirsty's always been used to keeping herself to herself in-doors," said Mrs. Mail severely. "Kirsty's going to get a good situation in a gentleman's house. Kirsty won't trouble herself with none of your nonsense."

It puzzled Kirsty to think that her aunt had not brought her own daughters up to the way of life she seemed to recommend. What was good enough for her cousins would be surely good enough for her. Not, certainly, that she had any leanings that way yet. She was too much dazzled by that possible prospect of service with the Branders in the still remote El Dorado of London.

Hannah proposed to take Kirsty out for a walk, but Kirsty somehow felt that her aunt preferred she should remain at home, and submitted to the implied wish. Then the girls said they wouldn't go out either, on which their mother remarked "that wonders would never cease," and one of the three suggested that they should look through Kirsty's clothes, "to see if there was anything else she should get in case she had to go off to a good place in a hurry."

Kirsty proudly displayed her few garments, simple in make and substantial in material. The Mail girls laughed at their "old-fashioned" cut, and when their mother admired the durability of the stuff, they told her that nobody wanted clothes which would last so long that they would look as if they came out of the ark before they were worn out. They suggested sundry changes which might be made — a slash here, or a frill there, but Mrs.

Mail negated them all, saying that the Branders would like Kirsty best just as she was — she knew the ways of the gentry — the girl could smarten up afterwards. They asked Kirsty about her occupations and companions in Shetland, laughed at her description of her wheel and carders, in which it struck Kirsty that they were at one with Mr. Brander. She ingenuously showed them the picture Tom had given her. They had a great many questions to ask about "this Tom Ollison," as they called him, soon picking up his name from Kirsty's simple remarks, and making her fresh cheeks tingle with shyness at their hints that very likely he was in love with her. Then they showed her their own treasures — the valentines they had received last spring — the remains of their last winter's finery, gewgaws and ruffles, which quite put the Lerwick trumperies to shame. The mother got tired at last of what she aptly called their "fooling," and proposed that they should all retire to rest. "Neither of them was very ready to get up of a morning." So she and Jane retired to the inner room, leaving Kirsty to share Hannah's couch in the kitchen.

Tired as she was, Kirsty was too excited to sleep, and Hannah seemed ready to talk till morning. Didn't she just wish that Kirsty would stay with them and go to work daily with her, instead of going off to be shut up in a kitchen! She thought she and Kirsty would get on capitally together — she did not always hit it off with Jane. Jane preached too much to her. Jane did not stay at home with her mother, or help in the house any more than she did. Jane was as fond of going about as ever she was, only she went about it in her own way — a very slow way, it seemed to Hannah, who wanted something more stirring than the singing classes, and reciting parties, and temperance evenings, and tea fights, which took Jane out nearly every evening. Hannah liked a rattling good dance; she knew of many nice quiet places which were hired by people caring to get up little balls. What was the harm of it? She was not one of those who think themselves better than other people. How she would like to take Kirsty to the play! or even to a music-hall! wouldn't she open her eyes at the songs and the acting! What was life without a bit of fun? It was bad enough to have to work hard all day, without having nothing nice at the end of it. Did Kirsty ask whether there was not something to be done at home? What was

there to do? What was the use of darning stockings when you could buy such cheap ones that you could afford to wear them straight out, till they would not hang together any more? What was the good of making one's own clothes, when a girl with a sewing-machine could make them up "stylish," for next to nothing? There was not much washing. They used paper collars and made-up frilling, and what there was, mother did, as also the house-cleaning and the cooking. That sort of work was just fit for old women, whose day was over, and who could not enjoy themselves. It would be a pretty thing to shut up a girl to do it. A girl must make hay while the sun shines.

Jane had had a young man, but they had quarrelled. Hannah would not wonder if Jane ended as an old maid — wouldn't it be awful? She had no fear for herself, she giggled, though she'd quarrelled with two or three young men already, — there were always as good fish in the sea as came out. She did not think she'd quarrel with her present beau; he dressed so nicely, quite like a gentleman. She was not sure what he was — in some agency business, she thought. He was so very gentlemanlike and well spoken, that, as he never mentioned his people, she could not help thinking that perhaps he belonged to some grandees. She had heard stories of lords disguising themselves out of love for poor girls. She knew one or two of those stories were quite true — and what had happened once might happen again. The other girls were awfully jealous about him, and sometimes said the sort of things girls do say when they are jealous, just to make her miserable; but she did not care, not she! What was Kirsty asking about wages? Hannah got about nine shillings a week, all the year round, and Jane perhaps eleven. They each paid their mother four shillings and sixpence a week for their board — that was all. They had the rest to themselves for dress and little expenses. They could not save any. If one took to saving while one was young, when was one to enjoy one's self? The young men could not save much either. They always paid all expenses when they treated the girls to dances, picnics, and suchlike. What did they do when they wanted to marry? Oh, there were plenty of people who would let you have furniture on tick, just as the tallyman would let you have clothes. Then you'd begin to save if you could. And if you couldn't manage to pay up for it, then the furniture

was just taken away from you, and you had to get on the best way you could. Of course, the fun was all over when you got married, so it did not matter so much. What a queer girl Kirsty must be to take such long looks ahead! They gave Hannah the dumps. She never thought about anything, except whether she was enjoying herself to-day. It was often hard enough to manage that. Her young man said this was the true philosophy—yes, he was very well educated, but she could generally understand the words he used. Oh, Hannah did wish that Kirsty was to stay in Edinburgh, though she couldn't help envying her going to London, and if one was to go to service at all, it was certainly better to go into a big house with plenty of servants, such as the Branders' was sure to be, than to some quiet place, all by one's self, where the mistress would have nothing to do but to watch one; whereas, with the other sort one might get some fun, and London people found it so hard to obtain servants that they did not keep too tight a rein over them. And then Hannah's voice began to grow muffled and her sentences incoherent, and at last both the girls slept.

Kirsty did indeed find that "a strong, willing girl from the country" was no drug in the labor market of a capital city. Before the next day was over, she had had the offer of another service, in the house of a working watchmaker, a Swiss Protestant, married to a Scotch wife. The family lived in rooms over the shop, and consisted of the father and mother and three daughters; one of whom had been trained to help her father, another was a teacher, and the third assisted in the household duties. They asked no skilled service, only health, strength, and willingness to learn, and they offered a wage of eight pounds yearly. Mrs. Mail replied that "her niece was as good as engaged in the house of a real gentleman, where she wouldn't get less than twelve pounds a year," and when Kirsty was inclined timidly to suggest that the Branders were under no pledge to take her (for the girl had felt attracted to the kind face of the watchmaker's wife and the bright manner of her daughter), Mrs. Mail tartly told her to trust her for knowing what was what. Did Kirsty wish to be a mere drudge, on a paltry pittance, when she might have light work, more money, more freedom, and plenty of presents and perquisites? this being the ideal of life in Mrs. Mail's eyes.

However, the watchmaker's offer was

made to do service, when the aunt and niece waited on Mrs. Brander. When that lady offered to take Kirsty into her service as "under housemaid" at ten pounds a year, Mrs. Mail demurred on the score that Kirsty had "had as good an offer, without going so far from her own people," and that the only reason for this not being accepted, was Mrs. Mail's determination "to have nothing to say to nobody else, if Mrs. Brander would like to hire the girl," and also Kirsty's own alleged wish "to be in a real lady's house, where she would learn how things ought to be." Kirsty sat aside, mute and astonished, but gradually got into the spirit of a bargain which she found eventually secured her twelve pounds a year, and her washing put out; Mrs. Brander conceding these advantages the more easily, that Mrs. Mail readily assured her that Kirsty would require no "evening out," and no monthly holiday.

"You won't know anybody in London at first, Kirsty," said her aunt, as they trudged home together, after the engagement had been made, "and when you've been in the family a while, you'll be able to make your own terms. You must look out for yourself, and see that you get your rights. But there's a great deal to be done by good management."

Kirsty was quite familiar with St. Paul's injunctions to servants, "To be obedient to your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good-will doing service as to the Lord and not to men: knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

But poor Kirsty felt that she had come into an atmosphere where these principles "would not work." That was a phrase with which Mrs. Mail and her daughters had already disposed of sundry "ideas" which Kirsty had timidly put forward. And it never occurred to Kirsty that if these principles were steadily set to work, even in one lonely heart and one quiet life, then they might effect a change in the surrounding atmosphere. Alas! was it likely this should occur to her, when it occurs to so few of us? For, is it not strange yet true, that in a land where the New Testament is held as the sacred book, any beautiful dream of human progress, or any sweet hope of real human brotherhood, or any revelation of true

human dignity, is still called socialism, or communism, or anything but what it really is—not perhaps in its wild, unpruned tendrils, but at its living root—to wit, simple Christianity? Can it be that this is so, because by naming it under these aliases, people who say their creed every Sunday can still boldly declare that “it will not work”?

CHAPTER V.

PENMAN ROW.

THE two youths, Robert Sinclair and Tom Ollison, arrived in London in the early morning hours. As their train had sped onward through miles and miles of outlying suburbs, densely built and evidently densely populated, they had wondered when it would stop, and Tom had highly amused their fellow-passengers by his naïve remarks on the scenes they were passing through. Robert had preserved a discreet silence, his ambition being to speak and act only as other people did, and above all to sedulously conceal that the experiences of his past life had been such as to render anything here novel and astonishing to him. Most singular is that craving of some human beings for a deadly uniformity. One shudders to think to what it may bring the world, as modern science annihilates time and space, and draws remote places and peoples near together. For this craving in individuals “to be like” other people culminates in a base national instinct which readily exchanges ancient customs and national costumes for the “etiquette of good society” and “the latest fashion,” which pulls down historic houses that a grand promenade shall not swerve one foot from its hard, straight line, and forgets its antique prophets and patriots, hid with God in the mists of his glory, that it may dance round brute-faced idols made of gold filched from its own folly. But then the world is God’s world, and while we have to do our best for it, it is in his charge, and we must be “careful for nothing.” For at the right time, he sent the Persian hordes to shatter the Grecian palace of selfish art, and again, he sent the Roman legions to overthrow the Jewish temple of spiritual pride, and again, he sent forth the northern barbarians to batter down the Roman fortress of cruel power, and each time, as the wave of human folly and greed was beaten back by the breath of his human hurricanes, the human race itself was found higher and higher on the shores of his providence. And God has

untold resources yet, for the deliverance of man from others, and from himself. For he will not rest as the Creator of molluscs, the ruler of slaves, or the artificer of automata. He must be the Father of living children, who must each bear his own name, and have his own place.

Does this seem a wide digression from a railway carriage, wherein one boy frankly compares what he knows already with what he is learning, so that his words refresh the worn souls of the city folks who hear them, as the north winds and dancing waves of which he speaks would refresh their worn bodies; while another lad sits silent, or answers curtly yes and no, lest his kindly interrogators should discover that he had lived hitherto in a four-roomed house, where only peats were burned for fuel, and even refuses to cry out in admiration and wonder at the rich English woodlands, and gay English gardens, because he does not chose to admit that he never saw such things before?

It may be a digression, but only such a digression as it is from tiny seeds about to be dropped into the earth, to thickets of well-grown trees which are what shall be their result in after years. For nations are made of men who have all been boys in their day. And what the future thickets shall be will depend on what those seeds are, whether upas or eucalyptus. And what the boys are, that will the nation become.

When the train came to a standstill, the pair had to part at once. Robert Sinclair’s railway journeying was not ended yet, though he and his “traps” would have to be conveyed quite across London to resume it from another station. For he was to be placed in the counting-house of an old neighbor of his mother’s pleasant girlhood—a Mr. Black, who owned a mill and a granary among her passionately remembered Surrey hills.

Robert was not left to find his way alone from station to station. A country-fied looking old laboring man pulled a dusty forelock in salutation of him, and offered to take him and his goods in immediate charge.

“You’re Mr. Robert Sinclair, sir?” he said.

“Yes, I am,” answered Robert, rather suspiciously. “But how can you know me among all these people?”

The old man smiled with sly humor. “The others be all Londoners,” he answered, “and there’s no mistaking that you ain’t.” (Little did he dream how he

hurt Robert's vanity!) "An' I saw your mother years ago. You've got hair like her, but I don't think you take after her," he added with a side glance at the lad.

There was no such kindly convoy awaiting Tom Ollison. A sharp, lean London lad found him out by mounting guard over the passengers' luggage, and pouncing upon him when he came to claim his box. Tom had not much farther to go, for his work and his home alike would lie in the heart of the city. He was to go into the bookselling business of an old friend of his father's, one Peter Sandison, who had left "the island" many years before, and was quite forgotten by everybody there, except Mr. Ollison, with whom he had kept up a sparse and spasmodic correspondence, which had admitted intervals of silence sometimes lasting even for years.

The Ollison letters which had gone to London had been homely, scrawling, not always well-spelled epistles, conveying news of marriage, and birth, and death, both on Clegga Farm and in neighboring households, their real geniality stiffly packed in the conventional phrases with which each had begun and ended. The Sandison letters which had gone to Shetland had been prim and precise, seasoned with epigrams on politics and politicians, and occasionally with shrewd counsels concerning investments in government stock or railway scrip. Peter Sandison had never seemed to have anything to tell of himself — no tidings of marriage, or of household event. Perhaps an old bachelor can have no history. He had never even changed his place. In the house where he had gone as clerk and general factotum, he still lived as master, and there Tom was to live with him. How well Tom knew the address which he had so often seen in his father's handwriting on the letters which he had posted for London — "12, Penman Row, Barset's Inn" — and how strange it was to think that was home now! No, no; Tom refused the thought. Home was nowhere but Clegga Farm.

Tom had never seen Peter Sandison, and would of course have said at once that he had no idea what he was like. And yet when Tom did see him, as he came to the shop door, when the cab drew up, he felt instantly that he had had a preconceived idea which the sight of Mr. Sandison shattered forever. He was a tall, lean man, with high, rather fine features, and uncertain complexion. His clothes were of the shabbiest, his long

hair waved wildly, and he held out a bony hand to Tom. He smiled too, but the smile lingered on his lips: it did not mount to his eyes.

He seemed a man of few words. With a single brief inquiry after his old friend, Tom's father, he turned and led the boy into a room behind the shop, and inviting him rather by gesture than phrase to partake of a meal set forth on the table, left him there, and returned among his bookshelves.

Tom had no reason to complain of the preparation which had been made for him. To his simple and limited island taste, the rich cocoa, the cold roast, the crisp rolls, and above all the plate of fresh fruit, seemed positively luxurious, and he certainly did justice to them all. When the edge was taken from his vigorous young appetite, he had time to look about him. He found himself in a small but rather lofty room, ill-lit, though that side opening towards the shop was entirely of glass, in small, quaint panes, the lower of which were screened by green blinds. The room had another window awkwardly set in a corner, from which Tom looked out upon a narrow flagged yard, surrounded by lofty buildings. The general gloom of the apartment was increased by the darkness of its walls and even of its ceiling, which, instead of being whitewashed, was papered with a pattern of full-blown roses tumbling out of cornucopias, the whole brought to a fine fruity brown hue by much smoke, many washings, and sundry coats of varnish. But the gloom did not yet oppress Tom, Ollison, accustomed to the dark cosiness of Clegga, whose few tiny windows were all either skylights or set low upon the floor. The furniture was in keeping with the apartment. A small round table on which Tom's lunch had been served stood in its centre; a small square table, with folding flaps, stood against one wall; there were a few common cane chairs, a big brown press, and a quaint mirror with a beetling frame, made in three divisions, two of which were filled with glass which darkened any visage that might be reflected therein; the floor was covered with the commonest drugget; there was not a single ornament or superfluous article in the room, except a splendid dark tabby cat, curled in luxurious slumber on an old coat thrown across one of the shabby chairs.

There was nothing in all this to detain Tom's curiosity long. So presently he rose softly and went into the shop. Mr. Sandison was behind the counter, bending

low over a desk, and he seemed to see and hear nothing till Tom said, —

"Is there anything I can begin to do, sir?"

He looked up with a start and a frown, but said, "Good! That's it! You needn't begin to-day, though. Take a bit of pleasure first."

"I'd rather take it second, sir," Tom answered with a shy smile. "I'd enjoy it more."

Mr. Sandison's grey eyes flashed at him beneath their shaggy brows. "Good!" he said again. "Always do what you like. Then one person at least is pleased. Self-interest is the only principle by which the world can go on."

Tom felt puzzled. He had never before heard such sentiments candidly expressed, though, for all his simple-hearted geniality, he was acute enough to recognize that they formed the secret creed according to which many act. But how could he reconcile Mr. Sandison's words with what his father had told him, namely, that the only terms on which the bookseller would consent to train him were of so liberal a kind, that Tom's utmost diligence and vigilance could scarcely make the contract fair? Tom looked up at his master with a half-laugh, expecting that some turn of his lip or twinkle in his eye would belie his cynical utterance and reveal that it had been made only in jest. But Mr. Sandison's visage was sober and serious, almost saturnine.

He took Tom at his word, and set him a task of comparing the contents of two catalogues of different dates, which kept the lad hard at work for three hours. Then he bade him return to the back parlor, and "see if he could find anything more to eat." This time, Tom caught a glimpse of a domestic, an old woman, who spoke sharply and in inconsequent answer to one or two civil remarks on which Tom ventured. It was not till afterwards that he discovered she was quite deaf.

Mr. Sandison told Tom he did not want him any more in the shop that night; he could go out for a walk if he liked. Tom said he would rather go to his own room and unpack. He had such a curious feeling of having lost his identity, that he wanted to reassure himself by the sight of his little belongings. As he crept up the dark, narrow staircase, past the closed doors of silent rooms, it was really hard to believe he was in the same world with crazy, cosy old Clegga, interpenetrated by the warmth of the great kitchen, and by

the cheerful voices of those gathered about it.

He could not help wondering to what other use the lower rooms were devoted, that he had to pass over two flats and go on to the attic floor. He was rather glad of it, however; the big, low room, with its sloping corners, was a little more in the style of Clegga than were the rest of his new surroundings. The association was carried out by the rude simplicity of the furniture, by an old maimed spinning-wheel which stood at rest in one corner, and by the pictures on the walls, an old print of "Shetland Shelties," an engraving of a scene from "The Pirate," and a fresh photograph of the Skerries lighthouse. Tom thought that Mr. Sandison had kept very true to the associations of his early youth, and he rather wondered how he had brought a spinning-wheel to the south with him, since Tom knew that he had migrated from the island, a lonely lad like himself. How could Tom imagine that the old print and the new photograph and even the decrepit wheel, were all the purchases of the last few days, made in preparation for his own arrival, because the grim bookseller had remembered how the sight of a pair of "rivlins" (or Shetland skin-shoes) and of a knitting-pin sheath, exposed on a stall at a fancy fair as "articles of interest from Ultima Thule," had refreshed his own homesick heart, years and years before, and had opened up a store of innocent memories which had diverted him from accepting an invitation to a gaming-table!

"Let us give everybody every chance we have had ourselves," Mr. Sandison had said to himself, as he had put up the wheel and hung the pictures. "Though it's ten chances to one if they take it. I believe it's these dumb preachers that do half of the good — it's little enough — that gets done in the world, and they are in no danger of glorifying themselves!"

Tom grew less bewildered, but far more pathetic, after he had opened his boxes and sorted out his possessions. There were no traces of mother or sister among them — no supererogatory stitching — no quaint personal plan, none of those tender little daintinesses which lads, in mingled pride and shamefacedness, scarcely know whether to display or to hide. For Tom's mother was in her grave in a wild Shetland burying-ground, and his only sister, the eldest of the Ollison family, had been married and away from her home for years. It seems singular how often the

bliss of these close, natural ties is not enjoyed to the fullest by those who seem best able to appreciate them, but who are left to sow broadcast those seeds of love which others plant in their own gardens for their own ingathering. God must know why it is, and must have a purpose in it. Is not the whole world the Father's garden, and is not the sole object of the children's enclosed plots to train them to work on his wider plan? Are not fathers and brothers and mothers and sisters given us only to teach us how, as St. Paul beautifully expresses it, to treat all elders as fathers and mothers, all men as brethren, all women as sisters? And who shall say that those who can only sow in their Father's larger garden shall not surely reap in their Father's longer day?

Such relics of home and homely affection as Tom could boast of, he spread out tenderly. The stout, leather-bound Bible, his father's gift, was laid on his toilet-table, and Tom looked reverently at the stiff inscription which had been so laboriously written on its fly-leaf, and thought of the love and goodness that was in it, and not of the final "e" that was omitted from the adjective by "his affectionate father." He hung up the comb-and-brush bag which the servant lass had made and given him, and did not scoff at its gaudy chintz, bright with red, green, and yellow. Perhaps a soft moisture dimmed his blue eyes when he found, nestled away among his new stock of island hosiery, a goodly bag of sweets secretly stowed there by his father's old housekeeper. He took one or two instantly, just because he felt that the worthy dame had so stored them for his solace in his first loneliness; but he put the rest away in his drawer. They were the essence of home, and must be consumed but slowly, like the last precious luxuries of an Arctic voyager.

In due time he heard the heavy clanging of a bell, and although he had not been warned to expect such a summons, he thought he had better go down and see if he was wanted. He found Mr. Sandison and the old servant, whom her master called "Grace," both in the little parlor, which looked less cheerless now the lamp was lit. Some frugal refreshments, a jug of milk, and a few biscuits, were set forth upon the table. Thereon also lay an open family Bible, before which Mr. Sandison sat. The old woman looked over his shoulder as she passed him, found a place in a small Bible which she carried, and then plumped herself down with a peculiar emphasis on a chair in a corner,

and gave a significant sniff. Each time Tom had seen her there had been something in her gait which made him feel uncomfortable, as if he had somehow unconsciously offended her.

Mr. Sandison spoke, looking straight before him, and not seeming to address either of his auditors.

"This was the habit in Shetland," he said. "It is ill to break old habits till one has better new ones. Let us read the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Proverbs."

It struck Tom that this was the thirteenth day of the month. Mr. Sandison read in a low, even, not unmusical voice; it might have been the voice of a much younger and very different man from the gaunt, taciturn old bachelor. He made no comment on what he read, but he lingered over some verses, and paused after them, as if repeating them to himself. Just as he had completed the last there came a rap on the shop door—the shop was closed now—and Mr. Sandison shut the Bible, rose, and went out himself to see what was wanted. The old servant rose too, with another warlike sniff. She chose to see something wrong with the arrangements on the supper table, and lingered to readjust them. Then she looked up at Tom, with angry eyes, and, pointing to the Bible, said harshly,—

"What's the good of him doing that when he doesn't believe in it a bit? The master doesn't believe in a God."

"Does he say so?" poor Tom ventured to ask, much shocked, but especially sorry, and still oblivious to the fact that he was addressing a deaf woman.

She knew that Tom had spoken, though only an inarticulate sound reached her. She never owned she was deaf; she much preferred to be thought rude or disagreeable. So she hazarded no answer beyond another hostile grunt, and presently went on to say,—

"You'd better beware of the master's queer ideas yourself, young man. There's no knowing what they may lead you into. I'll go bail there's something in his own life that accounts for his holding 'em. There's them that don't choose to believe in a God because it don't suit 'em to think of his judgments. Look there!" She seized the big Bible with no very tender hands, and turned to its front fly-leaves. There were two or three of them, evidently made in provision for a family register, and very pathetic to see in the old bachelor's Bible.

Old Grace came round the table to

Tom, pushing the heavy book before her with an air of biting triumph.

"Look here!" she repeated. "D'ye see that? There's two leaves fastened up together — fastened so tightly that they'd never be separated without spoiling the book; but you can just see there's papers between 'em. I reckon that's the master's secret, and that it ain't to his credit, though, mayhap, he's got some reason of his own for wanting it found out after he's gone himself an' is done with, as he thinks. I saw him the other day a-reading a book which said our bodies don't go into dust at all, but into gases. I shouldn't be surprised if the master's got a wife and children living somewhere. I reckon he's had his wild times before now. When a man doesn't believe in a God, nor the judgment-day, nor hell, there's a reason for it, so you look after yourself, my lad; and mind, I've done my duty by you and given you warning."

As Tom went through the shop to the staircase he passed his master, once more bending over his books. Tom thought he might have easily heard all that Grace had said in her unmodulated tones. Yet, perhaps, he was too absorbed, for even Tom's footsteps did not make him look up. But as Tom went by, and said softly, "Good night, sir," he lifted sad, searching eyes to the bright young face, and let them gaze on it before he held out his hand, and answered kindly, "Good-night, my lad."

Those sad, searching eyes seemed to follow Tom into the lonely darkness of the silent house. He was glad to find himself in his own room. Strange as it was, it had already become a retreat and refuge.

Tom had read and heard of people who were said not to believe in God. He had thought of such as quite apart from human sympathy. But then he had never seen one.

"O our Father!" said poor Tom, "bless father and the folks at home, and keep me straight in all these new ways where you have set me; and is it not a dreadful pity if Mr. Sandison cannot believe in you? How sorry you must be! But, then, you know you'll take care of him, just as parents do of children who are a little wrong in their heads. I don't think I ever loved my father so much as when I got better from the fever, and found how he had sat and watched and nursed me while I was so delirious that I called him a bear coming to eat me up, and even tried to strike him."

Tom went to sleep, soothed and comforted. He had not been quite unimpeachable in his knowledge of "The Catechism, with Proofs." He had been addicted to sit beside his father on Sunday afternoons, gazing dreamily over Clegga Bay, talking of simple matters, which often led back to the dead mother and to "sacred thoughts of the heart," rather than to attend the minister's somewhat theological Sabbath class. Perhaps those very talks with the good old father had led Tom to a truer feeling about prayer than too many have. To Tom prayer was "talking with God" — trying to enter into his will and his purpose. It was not mere begging from God. Tom had made few requests to his earthly father. He had been able to trust him to give what was best for his son. His own desire had rather been that "father would tell him what he ought to do."

If all prayer took this form there would be little cavil over the power of prayer.

CHAPTER VI.

A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY.

TWO or three days later brought a note from Robert Sinclair to Tom Ollison. It was a short epistle, containing little more than an invitation for Tom to journey down to the Surrey village on Christmas eve, and remain there till boxing-day, so that he and his Shetland schoolfellow might spend together the first festive season happening in their absence from home. The proviso was added, "in the event of there being no circumstance which might make it discourteous for Tom on such an occasion to leave the household where he was himself a member." The invitation, couched in these terms, was sent through Robert by the miller and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Black. Robert emphasized this by quotation commas, and set forth his own sense of the supererogation of its politeness and consideration, by appending to it a dozen lively notes of exclamation.

By the time this invitation arrived, Tom Ollison had learned much about the surroundings of his life from the old servant Grace. He had also discovered her infirmity of deafness, and had found how impossible it was to interrupt her harsh monologues by questions which might have drawn forth, however reluctantly, qualifying answers. Among other things he had been informed that his master had never been away from home for the last ten years, and for how much longer Grace

could not say — that being the time when she took service with Mr. Sandison. She had also told him that "Sunday and Saturday were all the same in that house, so far as the master were concerned; the shop shutters were up, of course, and Mr. Sandison might go out a bit, but not at church time." Tom had so far verified her words. He had seen very little of his master on the day of rest; they had their meals together, and Mr. Sandison told him all the books were at his service. Tom noticed, however, that nothing cooked appeared on the table, except the hot water for tea. Grace's duties were never oppressive; but on Sunday they were a sinecure. Tom had gone alone to the big parish church, venturing shyly into its cavernous shadows, out of which, as his eyes grew accustomed to them, there loomed a vision of crimson velvet and dusty carving, tessellated pavement, and monumental skulls and cross-bones — a mingling of the gloomy solemnity of a mausoleum with the cold state of a public palace, but with very little of the cheery welcome of the Father's house. The beautiful service of the English Church was strange to Tom, who could understand so little of the intoning of a very indifferent choir that he could scarcely follow the order in his Prayer-book. So he had sat and thought of the little church of Scantness, which had been so like his own dear home; its rudely flagged floor, bare benches, and big stove seeming but a dignified version of Clegga Farm set in simple order for the higher occasions of its Master. And his heart had sickened with a strange sinking which he could not quite understand, for, like most fortunate stay-at-home folk, he had hitherto thought of "homesickness" rather as a half-fanciful name for a half-fanciful sentiment, and had never dreamed that it can be a suffering so real, as in some rare cases even to sap away life itself.

Grace had further told him that "they didn't keep Christmas," and Tom's only comfort had been that the day of the English festivity would not be embittered by the thought of genial merriment going on at Clegga (though he knew he would be missed), because, in the northern isles, Christmas is kept a few days later, according to the old style of reckoning. At any rate, he could be quite sure he was not disgracing his master's hospitality by absenting himself on the occasion. Grace had told him with bitter triumph, as if here, at least, was one habit which she could admire and uphold in him of whom

she had such a generally low opinion, that "they had no bothering nonsense of Christmas dinner — nothing at all to make the day different from other days, only that every Christmas eve somebody always sent her a parcel containing a dress or a shawl. There was no name with it. But she reckoned there were one or two people in the world who well knew her value, though, maybe, they hadn't known it in time, and perhaps their conscience gave them a prick, or perhaps they thought such a man as Peter Sandison was not likely to be too liberal in his wages — not that she complained; she knew her infirmities, and that the weak must expect to be put upon."

Tom felt quite surprised at himself for the longing he experienced to accept this invitation, because it gave him a chance of seeing Robert's familiar face; for young Sinclair and he, though always friendly, had not been special friends in Shetland; but now Tom could enter into that sick yearning after somebody with a few common interests and mutual memories which often binds the exile or the aged with ties which seem most inexplicable and uncongenial to those who are not in their pathetic secret.

Tom was half afraid to prefer his request for leave of absence to this taciturn master, who seemed in his own experience to have proved the common relaxations of humanity to be unnecessary. Poor Tom was but an inexperienced lad, not yet initiated into the world's strange "rules of contrary," whereby it is the rich man who thinks that the poor should be poorer still, and the idle man who considers that the busy do not work half enough; for seldom it is, that the "easy-going" make life easy for those about them.

"Sir," said Tom, timidly addressing Mr. Sandison, "my old schoolfellow, Robert Sinclair, has written to me, inviting me to spend Christmas in the country with him."

Mr. Sandison looked up suddenly, and did not speak for a moment. He even looked down again and resumed his writing before he replied, —

"Go, by all means; I think the weather will be good for the season of the year."

"Thank you very much," Tom replied, not so much relieved as he might have been by the permission, because he thought a shadow had darkened on Mr. Sandison's face. He lingered, as if in hopes of another encouraging word.

"Go, by all means," repeated the book-

seller. His tone was less frigid this time, but he did not lift his eyes from his ledger, and Tom had to be satisfied.

Tom bought Christmas cards for his father, and for every servant on Clegga Farm. Then he bethought him that as he was to spend Christmas with Robert, it would be a kindly attention to send one to Mrs. Sinclair at Quodda schoolhouse, and, instead of buying a fourpenny one for her, he bought two at twopence apiece, and enclosed the other for Olive Sinclair. He had never seen much of Olive — had only spoken to her once or twice, and remembered her only as a gaunt, black-eyed girl, who answered in monosyllables. But he thought how much she must miss her brother! His little purchases, postage stamps and all, did not exceed half-a-crown; for he had the truly gentle sense that the value of such tokens of remembrance is not their cost but their kindness. This was the first money he had laid out in London. And let any who are inclined to sneer at the boyish extravagance, and to suggest that he had better have opened an account with a savings bank, give a thought to a certain box of ointment, which was once poured forth, and to the rebuke which was administered to those who cavilled at it. The best investment of money is in human joy. Tom's half-crown certainly gave much pleasure of the simplest and purest kind to eight or nine people. Yet it gave one little pang, too, and that was to none other than Mrs. Sinclair. She never found it words; she strove to keep it from crystallizing into a thought. But that was the only card from the south which arrived at Quodda, and there was no other letter by the same post. Oh! how wicked she was to give a half-reproachful thought to Robert. Why should he waste his money on such things? the love which was between them had no need for such trifles. And yet — But she would never, never have thought of any omission if it had not been for this token from a mere neighbor. She almost wished it had not come! She gave it to Olive to keep, and somehow after she did that, Olive took her own card down from the mantelshelf where she had set it, and put them both away — out of sight.

The shop in Penman Row was closed on Christmas eve, at the earlier hour on which it was closed on Saturdays. Mr. Sandison inquired by what train Tom ought to travel, and bade him take care and get off in good time. This sounded kindly, but Tom still thought there seemed

a constraint in his manner. He was making arrangements for shutting up, as Tom prepared to go. How could the lad wish "a merry Christmas" to the saturnine man, whose lonely plans he knew so well? And yet he could not go in silence. There was something in the bookseller's sad eyes which drew Tom towards him, despite all old Grace's hints and warnings.

"Good-bye, sir," said the lad, and the other words came as by a happy inspiration. "Thank you for your kindness to me, and I wish you all good Christmas wishes."

A porter entered the shop and threw down on the counter a big parcel for "Mrs. Grace Allan" just as Tom passed out. The bookseller followed the lad to the door and stood looking after him as he went down the street.

"I thought I was only thinking of the boy in what I meant to do," he murmured inaudibly, "but I find I was like all the rest of them, only thinking to please myself, for when I find he can please himself better than I could please him, then I am displeased! Well, well, my purchases shan't be wasted. If one could only be as sure that somebody gains by every loss!" — and he sighed heavily.

That night, a poor, well-meaning, but shiftless family, called Shand, living in a court opening off Penman Row, heard a ring at the door-bell, and on answering it, found a hamper of Christmas dainties standing on the doorstep, superscribed with their name.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SANATORIUM OF THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

WE have recently heard much concerning the wonderland of Wyoming — that amazing volcanic region where thousands of active geysers spout ceaselessly or intermittently as the case may be — where the hills are rainbow-tinted by the extraordinary deposits of mineral waters, where rivers which might justly be described as infernal rush through deep chasms betwixt cyclopean cliffs, from whose every crevice rise columns of white steam, escaping with deafening roar or shrill whistle — strange features, in truth, to adorn a recreation ground — and altogether marvellous is this majestic national park, which takes its name, the Yellowstone, from one of the mighty rivers which rises within its boundaries, boundaries which

enclose a tract of no less than three thousand five hundred and seventy-five square miles.

From this wonderland of the northern hemisphere we pass to its counterpart in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, which, being off the main line of travel, has not been so prominently brought before the public, and yet is at this moment quietly preparing to fill a very important part in the history of the world in the nineteenth century and whatever years may lie beyond it. For here, two years ago, was formally commenced the building of a city of health, a sanatorium on a vast scale, for the good of sufferers from east and west, north and south.

These geysers of New Zealand are not so ambitious in the height of their fountains, nor do the chemical deposits display the same extraordinary brilliancy of coloring as in Wyoming, but in other respects the general character of the country is the same, while, in addition to every conceivable display of the products of boiling mineral waters, we here find illustrations of all phases of volcanic phenomena of the dry type. The sacred mountain Tongariro is an active volcano, vomiting fire and smoke from a mighty cinder cone which rises dark and bare from a base of perpetual snow. Other volcanoes, now extinct (or we may more safely say dormant), show us craters and lava streams of all forms and characters—from the most jagged sea of black lava rocks to beds of the finest volcanic ash.

The volcanic region of New Zealand's hot springs forms a belt averaging thirty miles in width, and extending over one hundred and fifty miles in length—that is to say, it extends northward from the aforesaid active volcano to the seacoast on the shores of the Bay of Plenty, reappearing twenty-eight miles from the land at Whakari or White Island. This is a conical isle, about three miles in circumference, and is simply the summit of a great extinct volcano, which rises from the ocean bed, at so steep an angle that the water close to the shore is upwards of two hundred fathoms deep. The ancient crater is now filled by a lake of intensely acid mineral water, which is fed by numerous boiling springs and intermittent geysers. The analysis of this water shows it to contain very large quantities of the sulphates of iron, soda, potash, lime, magnesia, alumina, and ammonia. Also silicic, sulphuric, phosphoric, and hydrochloric acids, with various other chemical substances. This water is too powerful to

be used medicinally in its natural state, but may prove valuable in the hands of chemists.

The cone only rises to a height of eight hundred and sixty-three feet, but it sends forth volumes of steam, which in calm weather float upwards in a silvery column to about two thousand feet, so that the cloud canopy of the White Island is discernible from afar, and hence the isle derives its name, otherwise it might more justly be called the Yellow Isle, being chiefly composed of pure sulphur. There is indeed one geyser of liquid black mud at a temperature of 200° Fahr., but most of the geysers and lakes which surround the great crater are sulphurous, and banks of purest crystallized sulphur assume a green so exquisite as to resemble verdant meadows. These meadows, however, are traversed by boiling streams, and the whole soil is so hot as to render walking highly unpleasant.

Corresponding to the Great Yellowstone Lake and River of the American Yellowstone region are the Lake Taupo and the Waikato River in the heart of the New Zealand wonderland. Both are on a smaller scale, the lake being only about twenty by thirty miles in extent, but it is nevertheless a fine sheet of water. Though its shores are generally low and devoid of all beauty of foliage, it is partly hemmed in by inaccessible basaltic cliffs, which rise precipitously from the water to a height of about seven hundred feet. Beyond it the dark cone of Tongariro towers to a height of sixty-five hundred feet, and somewhat more distant are the triple snow peaks of Ruapehu, the highest mountain on the island, which attains to nine thousand feet. At its base, in the region known as the Onetapu Desert, there are various powerful mineral springs, one of which is so strongly charged with sulphates of iron and alumina as to taint the waters of the Whangaehu River from its source to the sea, a distance of seventy miles in a due southerly direction. The Waikato River rises in the same neighborhood, but flows due north, passing near Rota Aira, a small lake (fifteen hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea level) at the foot of the Pihanga Mountain. At Tuku Tuku, on the shores of the lake, picturesquely situated among fine old forest trees, there is a boiling spring of great repute for the healing of divers diseases, and the Maoris travel long distances to bathe in and drink of its waters.

They have a fascinating legend to ac-

count for the origin of this fiery region, and tell how the ancestral pair from whom they all descend came from the volcanic region of Hawaii, bringing with them a kindling of the sacred fire. This they deposited on the summit of Whakari, the White Island, where the wife remained to tend it, while her husband, Ngatoroirangi, "the Great Runner from the other world," went inland, escorted by his sole attendant, a devoted slave called Ngauruhoe, *i.e.*, "one who paddles in foaming waters." They ascended Tongarirō, thence to survey the land, but the Hawaiian follower was stricken by the cold, and so fell ill. Thereupon "the Great Runner" shouted to his wife, and bade her hasten to bring the fire — a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. The faithful spouse heard her lord's voice and started forthwith in such hot haste that she let many sparks fall by the way, and wherever they fell, dropping through fissures into the earth, there burst forth subterranean fires, geysers, fumaroles, or other forms of volcanic action. But with all her haste she reached the summit of Tongarirō too late to save the life of the slave, so she laid the fire on the mountain, which became a volcano like those of Hawaii, and the principal crater still bears the name of Ngauruhoe, the strong rower who had paddled the primeval canoe all the way from Hawaii.

Still flowing north, the Waikato River enters Lake Taupo at its southernmost extremity, twelve hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Near this point of junction lies the native town of Tokaano, where a large Maori population has established itself in the midst of an extensive group of hot springs, some of which are active and some quiescent, some boiling and others tepid. These are severally apportioned for bathing, cooking, washing clothes, and similar domestic purposes.

The favorite bath, where the villagers congregate morning and evening to enjoy the prolonged bliss of social bathing, is a pool lying between two geysers, from which flows the supply of boiling water, regulated by a very simple artificial process, the conduit being closed at will, by the aid of a few turfs, or bundles of fern.

The village is traversed by a fine stream of clear, cold water, the temperature of which is nowise affected by the numerous boiling springs which bubble on either shore, and yet it has been estimated by Dr. Hochstetter that there must be fully five hundred spots in this immediate neighborhood which eject either steam, boiling mud, or hot water; indeed, the

whole north side of the neighboring Karamea Mountain seems to have been steamed till it has become nothing but a mass of soft mud, with a thin external crust clothed with green scrubby vegetation through which boiling water and wreaths or columns of steam escape by a thousand fissures, with continual noise, like the working of machinery.

It seems almost incredible that human beings should care to select such a spot as a home, yet here the great Maori chief Te Heu Heu chose to establish himself and his tribe; but in 1846 an awful avalanche of mud fell and engulfed the village of Te Rapa, with all its inhabitants. A son, however, escaped to bear the honored name of his father, and traces back an unbroken genealogy for sixteen generations, covering a period of five hundred years.

For such persons as do not appreciate hot mineral baths, there are the cool, and exquisitely clear, bright green waters of Lake Taupo and the Waikato, and here again we wonder that these should be so little affected by the seething cataracts which pour into them from so many boiling springs, some of which, overleaping the rocky walls of the river, deposit a wide crust of white stalagmite, which presents the appearance of a permanent petrified waterfall.

It is generally supposed that Lake Taupo was once a vast crater, and that its chimney acts as a subterranean conduit for the drainage of its superfluous waters. Certain it is that from many tributary streams it receives a very much larger supply than it discharges by the Waikato, which flows right through the lake, and is its only visible outlet. At the point whence it resumes its course there is another native village, named Tapuaeharuru, *i.e.*, the Resounding Footsteps, in allusion to the hollow rumbling noise produced by treading on cavernous ground. Here the stream rushes violently down an exceedingly deep but very narrow gorge, not seventy yards wide. So soon as its rocky channel allows it to expand, it assumes a breadth of about three hundred yards, very still but of great depth. A few miles lower it is once more hemmed in by mighty rock walls, and forces its way through a chasm barely thirty feet wide, wherein the rushing torrent is churned into snowy foam, and is then shot forth horizontally, as if from a cannon, to fall at last into a deep, dark-green pool fifty feet below.

This fall is called Te Huka, *i.e.*, the

Foam, and is associated with another legend of Maori daring — or rather foolhardiness. A party of about seventy natives from Whanganui on the Taranaki seacoast came to Lake Taupo and challenged the tribe resident at Tapuae-haruru to descend the awful rapids, and shoot the Huka in their canoes. The challenge was refused, but the visitors, in sheer bravado, started on the perilous journey. As a matter of course, their long, narrow canoe was swallowed up as soon as it entered the foaming gorge, and only one man (who contrived at the last moment to leap ashore) was ever seen again.

In general, the Maoris have a wholesome respect for all such natural forces. Thus they will on no account approach the isle in the centre of Lake Taupo, because they say an evil dragon dwells there, ready to swallow up any rash canoe which ventures near — a legend which doubtless refers to a whirlpool caused by the rush of water down the funnel of the ancient crater.

Another dragon myth is attached to the blue waters of Lake Tikitapu, which lies embosomed in steep, wooded hills. Here Tu-wharatoa, the St. George of New Zealand, did battle with Taniwha, the great dragon, which he conquered, but did not slay, only condemning it henceforth to live peacefully at the bottom of the lake; so now, when the storm-swept lake is white with crested waves, the Maoris say that Taniwha is turning over restlessly, weary of forced inaction.

Again, as we crossed beautiful Lake Tarawera in a Maori canoe paddled by fourteen much-tattooed natives, they halted beside a rock where tribute must be paid to the Atua, or guardian spirit of the lake, to ensure fair weather. The tribute accepted was exceedingly moderate, being merely fragments of our luncheon, but the Atua was evidently satisfied with the attention, for we were favored with glorious weather. The great mountain which overshadows this lake is deemed so sacred that the Maoris have hitherto held it strictly *tapu*, and have suffered no traveller to set foot upon it. Indeed, till within the last two years, when the government of New Zealand happily took the matter in hand, they only admitted foreigners to this district on sufferance, and guarded their rights most jealously — as my own small experience went to prove, for never have I so narrowly escaped getting into hot water in any country as when I commenced sketching at the Hot Lake — a novel but attractive process, which at

once suggested to the Maori mind the possibility of compelling me to pay the tribe a royalty of 5% for this privilege,* a precedent which I was naturally not anxious to be the first to establish.

In the immediate neighborhood of the aforesaid village of the Resounding Footsteps (a name, by the way, which we find again on the shores of Roto Iti — the Small Lake) lies an important group of boiling springs and geysers, one of which occasionally ejects water with such violence as to have swamped canoes at a distance of a hundred yards. Another, called the Crow's Nest, sometimes sends up a fountain about fifteen feet in height. This is an intermittent geyser; indeed, most of these are far more active at some seasons than others. The Tewakaturou geyser, in its sportive youth, used to throw a jet across the river, a distance of one hundred and thirty yards, but it is now much less energetic, and only indulges in spasmodic gasps and splashes of scalding water. So numerous are the springs hereabouts that, from certain points, from sixty to eighty columns of steam can be counted, all in sight at the same glance. The Maoris classify the springs as *puia*s, which are active geysers; *ngawhas*, which are steaming springs, without sufficient energy to throw up a jet; and *waiarikis*, which include all sorts of hot pools suitable for bathing, and also, I think, the pools of liquid mud which are found to have such special healing virtue.

About twenty miles farther down the Waikato River is the Maori town of Ora-keikorako, which is a true hydropathic establishment, being situated in the very heart of a group of the most remarkable hot springs of the country. At every few yards boiling pools bubble from the ground, which is traversed in every direction by hot streams. Columns of steam rise from every crevice in the steep river banks, and from eighty to a hundred may be counted within a very short distance one of another. How children can be reared in the midst of such dangers is indeed a marvel; yet the little brown Maori huts are actually built on the mounds of snow-white silica and other chemical substances deposited by the boiling waters. These produce curiously varied coloring, from the delicate primrose of sulphur to copperas green and ferruginous orange, while every shade of salmon and pale rose color, deepening to dark red, contrast

* For fuller details of the wonderland of New Zealand, see "At Home in Fiji," by C. F. Gordon Cumming, vol. ii., pp. 182-238.

strangely with the dazzling whiteness of the silica and the dark green of the stunted vegetation.

One of the principal geysers, which has a temperature of about 202° , and is in constant ebullition, has formed a silicious terrace — or rather a series of terraces — extending right down to the river's brink. Thus the village is provided with exquisite white marble baths, all fringed with deep stalactites. One of these forms a most delightful natural armchair, nature-polished to a degree of smoothness which must be felt to be realized; and so rapid is the deposit of silica that the luxurious bather, who has reposed for half an hour in this delicious pool, acquires a thin coating of this transparent glaze which makes the skin feel so enchantingly smooth and soft as to be rather suggestive of the silky plumage of a water-bird (and what can I suggest smoother and pleasanter to the touch than the soft breast-feathers of a wild duck in good condition?)

One of the attractions of this place is an alum cave, where a warm pool of the loveliest light-blue water is cradled in a cavern all encrusted with crystals of pure white alum. The rock around is of a deed-red hue, but it is veiled by a profusion of tall, silvery tree-ferns, growing in rank luxuriance; and nowhere are these graceful darlings of the vegetable kingdom to be seen in greater perfection than in such parts of New Zealand's primeval forests as have escaped the too "improving" hand of the settlers. I have seen some which carried their exquisite crown of lacelike foliage on a stem fully forty feet in height, forming a fairy-like canopy for a whole fern kingdom of humbler growths. Fairy-like indeed is the scene when at night the innumerable glowworms light their tiny lanterns, and thousands of pale-green rays glitter on every hand.

The daintiest ferns seem specially to rejoice in the warm, steaming atmosphere of the hot springs, on whose very brink they flourish, therein finding conditions of well-nigh tropical existence. They clothe the margin of every crevice and fissure from which rise heated air and steam, so that oftentimes deluded cattle and horses, attracted by the lovely green, venture too close to dangerous ground, and suddenly disappear, to be no more seen.

Very beautiful is the soft verdure of the ferns and lycopodiums which so delicately tapestry even the steepest cliffs of the Waikato River that it is sometimes difficult to discern where the clear, bright green of the water blends with that of the

vegetation. This is especially the case at the lovely Rainbow Falls, about ten miles lower down the river than the last-named Maori town (Orakeikorako). Here the river rolls in broad green waves, falling headlong over a ledge of deep-red rock, when it widens into a broad pool, enfolding exquisitely verdant isles both above and below the falls. Just beyond this pool, on the very brink of the stream, bubbles a hot spring, which is made to feed a native bathing-tank, wherein the Maoris revel in cheerful company, while enjoying a beautiful view of the Rainbow-girdled Falls and the mountain beyond.

At about this point the Waikato abandons the hot-springs region, and traverses the province of Auckland in a north-westerly direction. But the most important springs lie within a great circle just to the north of the Rainbow Falls; and, indeed, the whole Pacroa range seems to be made up of all manner of boiling chemicals, so thinly crusted over that none but a madman would attempt to climb it, so brittle and crumbling is all the ground from the constant action of internal steam. Sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphuric acid, and other sulphurous gases and vapors rise in intermittent clouds from the whole surface of the range, and patches of yellow, red, white, and grey, chequering the whole range from base to summit, tell of fumaroles and mud-pools, solfataras and sulphur banks.

Beyond this very horrible range of steaming mountains the country is sprinkled with many lakes, of varying beauty and interest. First comes the little Roto Mahana, the Hot Lake *par excellence*, and by far the most wonderful centre of all volcanic displays, for around its shores are collected such infinitely varied phenomena that the wondering traveller scarcely knows whether the influences of heaven or hell preponderate, so exquisite is the dreamlike loveliness of the snowy silica terraces, where a thousand waterfalls seem to have been suddenly frozen and fringed with icicles, and a thousand shell-like baths, filled to the brim with the purest blue water, invite the weary to luxuriate in their warmth, and acquire that delicious smoothness of skin to which I have already alluded. And yet, a few steps farther bring him to such repulsive pools of boiling mud; such strange volcanoes throwing up mud or brimstone; such terrible boiling pools, green or bright yellow, or indigo-colored; such awful roaring or ear-splitting whistles of steam from

fissures in the rock, that each moment brings a new sensation of delight or of horror.

To bathe at early dawn in one of these fairy-like white marble baths — choosing the exact temperature one prefers, and the exact depth of water that suits swimming or non-swimming powers — is a bliss which one would fain prolong indefinitely. Yet not less comforting is the evening bath by moonlight in the mud-tank, which by daylight looks so very unattractive, but which a wise old Maori woman has carefully prepared, at the most approved temperature, by running in due proportions of cold and boiling water by means of channels from neighboring springs. Verily, for weary wayfarers no more delightful remedy could be recommended than an hour spent in a Roto Mahana mud bath, and I have no doubt whatever that the time is at hand when learned physicians will send many of their patients to try a course of these, as the last and best advice they have to offer.

The Maoris, with a faith born of long experience, bring their sorely tried rheumatic friends from far and near: and well are their pains rewarded, for many who have been crippled for years are here restored to comparative comfort and health. We saw one poor lad who literally lived in a mudpool, just like one of the African mud fishes. He was suffering from an agonizing hip disease, and his friends had carried him from afar to try this blessed remedy. He certainly obtained great relief from lying in the muddy water for hours, but, in his weakly state, he very naturally fainted on being removed, so his kindred thought the best thing they could do was to build a hut over the pool, and keep him in it permanently. So there he had already lain for months, and would probably remain until he died.

Some of the boiling mud pools are horribly repulsive. They lie in great natural pits or craters, and, as you stand on the brink watching the surface of black, boiling mud slowly upheave, with a dull gurgle, and then burst in the form of a monstrous bubble, you can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought of how one slip of the foot on that greasy soil might plunge you headlong into that horrible pool, therein to be hopelessly engulfed. The very silence with which it works is an element of horror, contrasting with the noise and energy of the clear, boiling lakes, and the roar of the steam-clouds as they escape from a thousand fissures in

the rocks and from chasms all over the mountain-sides.

There is, however, one mud lake in which interest predominates over horror. It is an expanse of half-liquid grey mud, from the surface of which rise a multitude of small mud volcanoes — really miniatures, not more than three or four feet in height, but each a perfect model of an ideal conical crater, like Vesuvius or any other volcano of graceful outline. From each little summit come puffs of white steam, and then a small eruption of boiling clay, which, trickling down the surface, gradually builds up the tiny mountain.

The Maoris not only absorb this chemical mud *externally*, but they take large quantities *internally*. There are several places where a thick, dark mud exudes from fissures in the rock, and this they have discovered to be edible, and eat large handfuls with the greatest appreciation. One boiling-mud hole is known as the Porridge Pot in consequence of this peculiarity, and the natives who visit it swallow enough to satisfy any ordinary appetite.

What with mud pools and mud volcanoes, and one large volcano of pure sulphur, and columns of steam rising on every side from the well-baked hills, and from the surface of the lake — what with many-colored boiling pools, and the silvery whiteness of snowy terraces, Roto Mahana is, in truth, such a centre of marvels as seem to belong to some creation other than the steady-going world on whose solid surface we live our commonplace lives.

The sulphur volcano rises from the brink of the lake, very near the so-called Pink Terraces, which, in point of fact, are distinguished from the White Terraces by a most delicate tinge of pale salmon color, like reflected sunlight on snow. The sulphur volcano produces a most startling effect of coloring in contrast with the vivid blue of sky and lake. It is entirely yellow — just the color of a bright primrose — and the great column of steam ascending from it is primrose-hued, and all the water near it is thus tinted, while the rocks far and near are coated with a deposit of pure sulphur.

Though this was the only spot where I saw an actual volcano of sulphur, there are great banks of it at various points, notably in the neighborhood of Lake Rotorua, where sulphur baths will form an important feature in the attractions of the new town. But in numerous places the rocks are traversed by sulphur veins —

hollow tubes through which scalding steam rises in intermittent puffs, depositing sulphur crystals of exceeding beauty—in form resembling the patterns of fairy frostwork on our windows, and almost as perishable when touched. The coloring of the rocks, owing to this sulphur "yellow-stone," and the presence of numerous other mineral substances, is very wonderful. Every variety of vivid metallic green, brown, red, and orange present themselves by turn, and are in some places as intricately blended as in the serpentine rocks of Kynance on our own Cornish coast—rocks which, in their strange combinations of scarlet and green, with cross lines of black and white, are to me always suggestive of our gayest Scotch tartans fossilized!

In some places, rocks such as these encompass dark, indigo-colored pools, boiling furiously, and lashing their rock walls with white surf, while throwing up columns of dazzlingly white steam. Perhaps the very next lakelet is of the most exquisitely clear green, and, while equally boiling, rolls in green waves, to break in white foam on a level shore of volcanic fragments. Close by, we often find some quiet pool of cold water, showing how totally unconnected are the water-pipes in this strange "hydropathic" region.

Far as the eye can reach on every side rise the red volcanic hills, partially disintegrated by the ceaseless action of steam, which rises in bewildering clouds from the myriad fissures and the multitudinous boiling pools which lie hidden among the dark scrub that clothes the hills in every direction—a low jungle composed chiefly of *ti* tree or *manukau*, a stunted tree resembling juniper. Large ferns also flourish in the warm steam, and some of the loveliest grow on the very brink of fissures, whence rises a hot damp atmosphere which probably deludes those delicate beauties into an impression that they are in the tropics.

So great is the fascination of exploring this world of wonders, never knowing what strange thing may be suddenly revealed to one's amazed eyes, that the temptation to leave the beaten track is almost irresistible. But well do the Maoris know the dangers that surround every unwary footstep, and earnestly do they warn all travellers to abstain from diverging from the footpaths which their own experience has proved to be secure. The fact is that the whole surface of the hills, which appears so solid, is, in fact, so sodden by the action of subterranean

steam that it is liable to give way under the most cautious footstep—it is, in fact, nothing more than a thin, brittle crust, of the most treacherous character, covering no one can tell what variety of horrors.

Of course, at first it is very difficult fully to realize how great the danger really is, and any one accustomed to mountain climbing is apt to suppose that he can surely use his own bump of caution so as to secure his safety. I confess to having myself been somewhat rash in this respect, and my Maori guide, finding he could not control my tendencies to rove, stipulated that at least I should halt at almost every step, to allow him to cut large branches of brushwood, which, being laid on the ground over which we had to pass, acted in some measure like great snowshoes in covering a large space, and so diminishing our risk of breaking through the earth's crust and falling into whatever might lie below.

I suppose some latent sense of gallantry made my guide stick to me through these perilous wanderings from the strait and narrow way, for in general these men are too wise to risk their lives by accompanying rash travellers, contenting themselves with warning them of their peril, and very few are so foolish as to diverge far. Apart from the probability of the soil giving way altogether beneath one's feet, one is very apt to become bewildered by the ever-moving clouds of steam, and the countless boiling springs which are so veiled by the rich fringe of overhanging ferns as to be scarcely visible, till they perhaps assert themselves by throwing out a sudden jet of scalding steam or boiling water. So the teaching of wisdom is not rashly to abandon the accustomed foot-track, which marks a safe pathway amid many wonders, all lying near the shores of Roto Mahana. I spent several days of delight in a tiny tent in the dark scrub overlooking this lake—days never to be forgotten, but on which I dare not venture to enlarge.

Space only allows us to glance at the names of the other lakes. There is beautiful Tarawera, the Lake of the Burnt Cliffs, whose rocky shores are fringed with fine old trees, and which is overlooked by Mount Tarawera, a huge, bare table rock two thousand feet in height, sacred as the burial place of the Arawa tribe. Around this large lake are scattered the Okataina, the Laughing Lake, the Okareka, the Pleasant Lake, the Tikitapu, the Sacred Landmark, and the Roto-kakahi, the Lake of the Fresh-water Mussels. The last-

named lake has latterly been indulging in curious freaks, for every few days its usually clear waters assume a dirty green color, with a most obnoxious smell.

Farther north lies Roto Ma, the White Lake, and Roto Ehu, two little lakes lying just beyond Roto-Iti, the Small Lake, which is a very prettily wooded lake, about seven miles in length by two in width. It is only separated by an isthmus half a mile wide from Rotorua, the Second Lake, which gives its name to the newly commenced township of Rotorua, which will hereafter undoubtedly become a very important sanatorium, not only for the invalids of New Zealand and Australasia, with their ever-increasing population, but also for all Europeans scattered throughout the Pacific, and perhaps even for sufferers from China and India, and it may be that some who have vainly sought renewed health at many of the most noted water-cures of Europe may henceforth look to six months at Rotorua as the sovereign remedy, reserved as the last and probably the best of all national hydro-paths.

Till quite recently, though the Maoris had so far practically experimentalized as to discover the special value of certain pools around which they themselves congregated, forming villages at many spots besides those I have mentioned, there was no sort of accommodation for Europeans, and only a few brave souls mustered courage (in the despair born of agony) to have themselves carried to one of these settlements, there to lodge in a wretched and dirty Maori *wharri*, or in a little tent. Yet of these helpless cripples, who only sought the cure when they seemed to have reached the last stage of weakness and exhaustion, many made such amazing recoveries as to open a door of hope to all. So something was done for Europeans, by establishing a great water-cure establishment at Waiwera, where, at a distance of thirty miles from Auckland, saline and alkaline springs were discovered to be valuable in the treatment of rheumatic and dyspeptic complaints.

But rumors from the interior of the isle suggested the existence of far more powerful springs, and the advantages to be derived from them; and so (although at the time of my visit to New Zealand, in 1877, the citizens of Auckland could only give me the vaguest information concerning them, and I only met one lady who could tell me something authentic, from her husband having been to the lake district as a grand expedition) I found on

reaching the native town of Ohinemutu, on the shores of Lake Rotorua, that two tidy little hotels had already sprung up, each being tenanted by a few European invalids in quest of health, who were diligently bathing and drinking of the most approved waters. This advance-guard of the great host of health-seekers and travellers have so quickly been followed by larger numbers, that five hotels in the immediate neighborhood are now in full work, and others in course of erection.

The little brown huts of the Maoris are dotted along the lake shores and up the hillsides, in the very midst of innumerable boiling springs of every sort, which send up ceaseless steam-clouds, so that the houses are only seen fitfully through the veils of white vapor. So thin is the crust of soil on which this strange village is established that you have only to thrust a walking-stick into the ground and up comes a puff of hot air. Even here, as at Roto Mahana, each step requires caution, as any deviation from the narrow beaten tracks which lead from house to house would most likely plunge the careless foot into some very literal phase of hot water. There is a pleasing variety in the possible forms of danger, but not much to choose between them as regards the certainty of pain.

And yet, although a good many terrible accidents do occur, little children by the score are safely reared in this strange steaming nursery, where nature does all the household washing and all the cooking in natural steam-pots, finding her own soap into the bargain, in the form of chloride of potassium and of sodium, and sulphate of soda. A very sad accident had occurred shortly before my visit, when a little toddling child had tumbled into the village "laundry pool," where its mother was boiling her clothes; but after all, such things, grievous though they be, do happen from time to time in British cottages and wash-tubs. In point of fact, the chapter of accidents at Ohinemutu is really wonderfully short, all things considered; and the inhabitants have wonderful advantages in the lightening of all domestic labor consequent on the self-supplying, self-kindling furnaces which boil the natural cooking-pots, so that no care is required beyond depositing food in a flax bag and leaving it floating in the nearest pool till dinner-time. Of course it is necessary to be sure that the pool is not strongly flavored with alum or any other trifle of that sort, but long experience has taught the people the character

istics of the near pools, and which are safe for culinary purposes.

So the human beings whose domestic cares are made so easy spend the greater part of their lives floating about pleasantly in warm pools, or immersed in mud baths; or swimming joyously in their beautiful blue lake, for they are well-nigh amphibious, and fain would emulate the fame of their beautiful ancestress Hinemoa, who on a dark moonless night swam four miles to the Mokoia Isle, in the middle of Lake Rotorua, there to keep tryst with her true love Tutnekeai—a legend much appreciated by her descendants.

When not in the water, they delight to lounge about on a rude pavement of large flat stones, which being laid above boiling springs are always pleasantly heated; so here the grave old chiefs and their followers love to recline in their flax cloaks, or blankets, discussing affairs of the village and smoking (alas, how unromantic!) common short clay pipes. They have a real council-house, however, and a very curious place it is, being all covered with most grotesque carving of the true Maori type—hideous figures, with elaborately tattooed faces, and oblique eyes formed of pearl-shell.

Some fine specimens of really old carving lie rotting on the ground on a green peninsula where once stood a famous Maori *pah* (fort), of which there now only remain a few great wooden posts, with rudely carved heads. The place is now used as a burial ground, and the grass grows vividly green above the nameless mounds, being ceaselessly watered by the steam which rises from hot springs on every side, and even floats up in filmy breaths from among the quiet graves.

By what process of persuasion the Maoris have at length been induced to resign their rights of lordship in all this wonderful region to the government of New Zealand does not appear; but the practical result is one on which the vast multitude of rheumatic and other sufferers may well be congratulated. Not till 1881 was the government able to obtain terms which should ensure to settlers undisturbed possession and perfect titles to land held under the Thermal Springs District Act 1881, by which three separate blocks of land were so made over to her Majesty's government, that thenceforth all buying and selling, leasing and building, should be entirely under official control.

The native proprietors do not apparently resign their own rights, for the act

simply provides that the governor shall act as agent for the native proprietors in dealing with intending lessees, and that he shall treat with them for the *use and enjoyment by the public of all mineral and other springs, lakes, rivers, and waters*. The governor shall further lay out and survey towns, suburban allotments, farms, and dedicate any of the land within a district for a park or domain, set apart land as sites for schools and places of worship, etc., *manage and control the use of all mineral springs, hot springs, lakes, rivers, and waters, and fix and authorize the collection of fees for the use thereof; erect pump-rooms, baths, bath-rooms, and other buildings for the convenient use of the baths, springs, and lakes*. A person authorized by the governor shall receive the license fees, fees for springs or baths, and all other revenue, and shall expend the same in the improvement and maintenance of the town or district whence the fees and revenues arise.

The lands proclaimed as being under the Thermal Springs District Act are thus specified: first, a block of about thirty-two hundred acres, bounded on the north-east by Rotorua Lake; secondly, a parcel of land containing six hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and ninety acres in the counties of Tauranga and East Taupo; and thirdly, another parcel of land in East Taupo, containing twenty-nine thousand nine hundred acres—all as delineated on the plans in the District Survey Office, Auckland.

Preliminaries having been decided, no further time was lost in starting a sanatorium which should render available the wonderful curative properties of the mineral springs in the vicinity of Lake Rotorua. The site for the future city was selected as being that most easy of access from all sides of the country, and which, while embracing a very large number of very varied hot springs, also presented the most suitable ground for the development of the town. Not least among its advantages ranks the prospect of the extension *via* Morrinsville of the existing Midland Railway, which will thus run in an almost direct line from Auckland to Rotorua, a distance of somewhere about one hundred and sixty miles, and as simple a journey as that from London to Brighton.

At present the expedition involves some trouble, and a good deal of jolting over exceedingly bad roads. The traveller has the option of going from Auckland to the seaport of Tauranga, either by the circui-

tous coast route, or by the easier (though still more circuitous) steamer. Of course the former is the more interesting, so on my visit to the lake district I took the steamer from Auckland to Grahamstown (a gold mining city), thence on another day by river steamer up the beautiful Thames River, to the house of a friend, who on the following morning escorted me across country—a long day's ride through very varied scenery, to Kati-kati, an Irish settlement, where we were hospitably entertained for the night. On the fourth day, having the option of another long day's ride of nearly forty miles, or twenty-five miles by boat down the lake, I chose the latter, and, after a day's rest at Tauranga, thence hired a strong bush carriage with four-horse team to bring me the last forty-two miles to Ohinemutu, on Lake Rotorua, over the atrocious bush road, the worst parts of which had been repaired by felling beautiful tree-ferns, and laying their slender stems side by side, to form a corduroy roadway. Horrible vandalism!

One would fain hope that, now that the district has become in a manner government property, its beauties may be protected, even including the tree-ferns, which have hitherto been felled wholesale in the most ruthless manner. And yet the artist and lover of beautiful nature cannot but grieve over the certain destruction of the forests that is implied in the announcement that "timber for building purposes grows in abundance on the ranges near, and along the shores of Rotorua and Roto Iti Lakes," and that "the forests on the other side of the lake contain vast quantities of timber of the finest quality for house-building, *and it is quite available.*" The rocks too will be pressed into the service of the builders, more especially a "grey-colored stone (silicious sinter) formed by deposits from hot springs now extinct."

Much as we are all bound to rejoice that the healing waters will henceforth be available to all suffering humanity, we may be forgiven for indulging in a corner of regret for the vulgarizing influences that will ere long so certainly desecrate these awful and majestic scenes. Even hitherto the Maori owners of the exquisite terraces have had to keep constant watch to guard these beautiful creations from the barbarous relic-hunters and goths, whose chief aim was, and ever will be, to break off stalactites, and to write their own snobbish names on the pure white marble, knowing that all such in-

scriptions are indelibly preserved by the next coating of transparent silica glaze. The broken bottles and picnic fragments which ever mark the invasion of the great tourist host will soon bestrew these solemn shores, and unpoetic-looking wooden houses will spring up in every direction—such unsightly mushroom growths as would repel Puck himself!

Unfortunately, artistic beauty is a quality which does not enter into the domestic architecture of New Zealand and Australia, where the general type of house-building is of the barest and most unadorned order. Instead of the pretty homes of the bungalow type, so familiar in most other countries (where the wide verandah, embowered in blossoms, gives so much beauty as well as additional space), the settlers in these colonies generally run up a "weatherboard" house of the very plainest sort, with no verandah, and consequently no encouragement for the cultivation of flowers, which in this blessed climate of New Zealand grow so readily and so luxuriantly. Too often, alas! the establishment of an Anglo-Saxon settlement implies the destruction of all natural beauty—the streams and springs are imprisoned in set channels, the hills denuded of their timber, the very coast-line of sea or lake altered to meet the requirements of esplanades or embankments.

Doubtless many such disenchanting changes are in store for the now unique geyser-strewn shores of the romantic Blue Lake. Of course much will depend on the manner in which these transformations are accomplished, and the ground plans of the township, prepared by the government surveyors, show an admirable intention of preserving the most remarkable natural phenomena by reserving the greater part of the lake-shore as recreation grounds, to be laid out for public enjoyment. An area of about six hundred acres is devoted to rectangular streets, all of which, with one exception, have most happily been endowed with Maori names—such as Tutanekai Street, Hinemaru Street, Whakaue Street, Pukaki, Arawa, Haupapa, Hinemoa, Amohia, and Ranolf Streets, and so on—thus happily commemorating old Maori legends of brave men and beautiful women.

Already some of these have been planted as street avenues, with a view to their becoming shady boulevards, and the laying out of the recreation grounds has been commenced. In March, 1882, a hundred and twenty-five acres of the township were put up to public auction on a ninety-

nine years' lease, and the most eligible building sites on the hilly slopes overlooking the beautiful Blue Lake were offered to the public in half-acre lots. These realized a clear annual rental of 2,700*l.*, so that the infant town already found itself in possession of a small income. So, very soon, not only the streets which look so imposing on paper will come into actual existence, but all the neighborhood will be dotted over with villas and gardens. Sites for churches, schools, post-office, railway station, and hospital are reserved. Hotels and lodging-houses will be governed by regulations suitable to the exceptional character of the town. All mineral waters, hot springs, and streams, remain vested in the crown, and will be under control of a local municipal body.

A resident medical officer, appointed by government, will have charge of the district, and will receive a certain number of private patients at his official residence, while poorer patients, sent at the expense of hospitals and charitable institutions in other parts of the colony for the benefit of the waters, will receive gratuitous medical attendance and care at the large hospital — the building of which was commenced in 1881.*

A large pavilion, fitted up with baths and dressing-rooms, has been erected in the midst of the most powerful springs, and four different kinds of mineral waters, having distinct therapeutic properties, have been laid on to these baths, which are in charge of competent attendants. A consulting-room and dispensary have been opened close to this pavilion, where patients can daily report themselves, and their progress, to the doctor, whose duty it will be to record all experience he may thus acquire of the medicinal action of divers waters on the various cases that come under his care, for the guidance of medical men in other parts of the country, who may thus learn what patients are likely to be benefited by a visit to Rotorua.

Here, too, is the laboratory where waters from the innumerable hot and cold springs will be analyzed, in order to determine their relative value, and so a definite course of treatment in different forms of disease may gradually be developed. Bathing-sheds will, by degrees, be built at all the most distinctive springs in

the more remote districts, and these, doubtless, will ere long each become the centre of a cluster of lodgings and cottages.

Though a comparatively small number of the springs have as yet been analyzed, these show an almost infinite variety of chemical combinations and temperature (the latter, however, does not seem to affect their curative powers). Already waters have been tested corresponding with all the most valued mineral springs of Europe. There are alkaline saline springs similar to those of Coblenz; alkaline acidulous like those of Vichy; the muriated alkaline waters of Ems and of Wiesbaden; the muriated lithia waters of Baden-Baden; the brine-springs of Westphalia; the bitter waters of Kissingen or our own Leamington; the earthy springs of Weissenburg or our own Bath; the iodo-bromated springs of Kreuznach; the chalybeates of Kissingen and Schwalbach; the sulphurous waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, Aix-les-Bains, Eaux-Bonnes — in short, all the healing waters which, scattered over the Old World, have acquired celebrity through bygone ages to the present day — all are here reproduced in such close proximity that the sufferer who fails to find relief in the use of one can with little difficulty be transported to the next, and the next, till he finally discovers the one best suited to his peculiar malady.

The springs hitherto analyzed are roughly grouped as saline, alkaline, alkaline-silicious, sulphurous, and acidic. They contain the following chemical elements, in very varied proportions: silica, silicates of soda, lime, magnesia, and iron, sulphates of soda, potash, alumina, lime, magnesia, and iron, chlorides of sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, and iron, phosphate of alumina, phosphoric acid, lithia, iron oxides, hydrochloric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, and sulphuric acid.

Lithia is only found exceptionally and in very faint proportion. Iodine does not appear at all in the springs near Lake Rotorua, whereas it forms an important characteristic in nearly all the waters in the neighborhood of Lake Taupo, hence it is evident that these must ere long form centres of water-cure establishments as distinctive as those of Kreuznach or Harrogate. Some waters are found suitable only for external use; others for internal; some are valuable in the treatment of chronic nervous affections, others for chronic mucous inflammations and bronchial catarrh; some have a marvellous

* The same admirable provision for the poor has led to the erection of a Government Hospital at the hot sulphur springs at Caldas in Portugal, where four hundred beds are set apart for poor patients from all parts of the kingdom, who are there received and cared for free of cost.

effect on scorbutic and tubercular diseases, or cutaneous eruptions, while others are equally remarkable for their action on various phases of disordered liver. With out going into medical details, we may safely say that there is scarcely a physical ailment for which some alleviation is not here offered.

Certain pools (and especially the lovely blue geysers which in cooling form the exquisite terraces of dazzlingly white silica) are found to be highly efficacious in the treatment of all gouty and rheumatic affections; this is said to be due to the specific action of silicates in expelling the gout-producing acid from the system. Happy are the patients who find healing in such beautiful nature-built marble baths as even the luxurious old Romans never dreamt of! Happily, too, for the non-suffering general public, there can be no excuse for disfiguring the white and salmon-tinted terraces of Roto Mahana with an artificial building, inasmuch as some of the most powerful geysers, and most strongly charged with silica, are found within a couple of miles of the new town at Whaka-Rewa-Rewa on the Puarenga River, a stream which flows into the lake, and whose course is marked by innumerable steam-jets, mud cones, mud pools, solfataras, and sulphur banks.

At Whaka-Rewa-Rewa these are so closely clustered together as to form a very extraordinary scene, especially when viewed from the summit of one of the higher mounds. The surrounding hills and the river banks are partly covered with dark-green manuka scrub and luxuriant ferns, and from this dark setting rise numerous great cones of dazzling whiteness, like gigantic wedding cakes, all formed by the deposit from silicious geysers. One of these monster cakes is fifteen feet high and three hundred feet in circumference, and there is no saying how much larger it may become, as this geyser is exceptionally active, and from its central funnel throws up a fountain about six feet high once in eight minutes. These silica cones are the special feature of this strange place, but they are seamed by fissures of burning gold—in other words, with scalding sulphur crystals. The Maoris, who have a favorite settlement here, have distinctive and descriptive names for each of the principal cones and geysers. They say that the Waikati, of which I have just spoken, is most energetic at midsummer, that is to say in January and February, when it sometimes ejects a column to a height of thirty-five feet.

But in this respect the geysers of New Zealand are not to be compared with those of America. Moreover, they appear to be less energetic than of old, as several which are said to have been very active twenty years ago are now quiescent. They are singularly influenced by atmospheric changes. Thus, in a strong south-westerly wind, the principal geyser at Whaka-Rewa-Rewa occasionally throws up a column to a height of sixty feet, and several of its usually quiescent neighbors seem equally inspired with unwonted aspirations. Their working hours are generally from 7 to 9 A.M. and from 3 to 4 P.M., whereas the noontide hours are almost invariably devoted to rest. One geyser is called by the Maoris Whakaha-rua, *i.e.*, the Bashful Geyser, because it only begins to play after dark.

Strange to say, the temperature of many springs is also singularly affected by the direction of the wind, and when it blows from the north or east they rise from 100° to 190°, and bathing becomes impossible till the wind changes. Sometimes a north-east wind blows for weeks together from sunrise till sunset, and the springs daily reach boiling point at about noon, and so continue till the fall of the wind at eventide permits the temperature to subside sufficiently to allow of bathing.

Of the springs already in highest repute, I may mention one whose success has been so often proved that it is known as the Pain-killer. It is a powerful sulphur bath, clear and colorless, with a temperature of 202°. It unfortunately has a most offensive smell, as have also the Sulphur Bay springs, which consist of innumerable sulphur jets, bursting up through the sands on the brink of Lake Rotorua and forming a famous natural sulphur bath. Wai-hunu-hunu-kuri is a muddy, ferruginous bath with excess of silica. Another which retains its Maori name is Te Kawhanga, a large and very muddy, chocolate-colored pool, constantly discharging a gas which produces a sensation of faintness like that caused by inhaling laughing-gas.

Manupirua, a beautifully clear-blue hot pool, twenty feet in diameter, is in great favor with the natives on account of its healing properties. It lies at the foot of a high pumice cliff on the shore of Lake Rotorua, and deposits a large amount of sulphur. The temperature ranges from 107° to 110°. But still more precious are the waters of Te Kute, the Great Spring, which is about ten miles from Ohinemutu. It is a muddy-brown boiling pool three-

quarters of an acre in extent, and from its surface rise dense volumes of steam. Its waters contain a large proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen, and it is considered to work miracles in the cure of rheumatism and sundry cutaneous diseases.

But it is useless further to particularize a few out of the many thousand springs which await analysis. Those I have enumerated sufficiently indicate the character of the whole, and afford some idea of the materials which await investigation, and which, when their uses are understood and practically applied to the relief of human suffering, must exalt the new city of Rotorua to a position above all others in the health-conferring regions of the world.

From Temple Bar.

ON THE READING OF BOOKS.

19, Albert Hall Mansion, Kensington Gore,
July 18, 1884.

DEAR MR. BENTLEY,—

I find, looking over some old records of the past, some remarks made by my husband on reading books.

The paper was written for our old friend Mr. Brookfield, who wished to give a lecture on that subject. I believe he did not carry out this intention.

The paper may perhaps interest a few old friends who still remember Barry Cornwall.

No man ever loved books more intensely: they were his solace and delight from youth to age, and cheered and made endurable a long and painful illness. Unable to speak to his living friends he turned to his dead ones.

Yours, dear Mr. Bentley,

Very truly,

ANNE BENSON PROCTER.

THE curiosity of the world is divided mainly between the thoughts and actions of men. The deeds which men do, and the words which they write (or say), have almost an equal influence upon their age and posterity. We profit by a maxim or proverb full of wisdom, almost as much as by the example of a philosopher or a hero. It is necessary, therefore, to study both.

At present we will confine ourselves to one only. This one, indeed, has become of far greater importance than the other, since men's deeds have been turned into words, by the ingenuity of historians and others.

Half of the world, which at one time was a huge sheet of unblotted foolscap, has now been converted into a tremendous book. Every leaf has been written upon;

some in fine and some in faint lines; and a few, it must be confessed, in very perplexing characters. History, science, politics, poetry or fiction, and morals, occupy all the inquiring heads in Christendom.

At one time knowledge was the property only of a few, who had to gather it with extreme labor. Now the road has been made tolerably easy. It is one, indeed, on which all of us may travel.

The diffusion of letters — like the overflowing of the Nile — at first traversed only the neighboring regions — the homes of scholars and men of learning. In the course of time it spread over the middle levels of society. Then it rose higher, amongst warriors and nobles; and finally it has penetrated deeper, fertilizing the intellects of the artisan and the peasant.

We learn because we desire to learn, and the having learned begets the desire to teach. For every cultivated mind engenders thought, and becomes self-producing; otherwise the world would be stagnant. As it is each brings his little hoard to the great whole, and the mountain of knowledge is made up of a million parts. Thousands have contributed to this before us, and there will be thousands also will do the same after us.

Let no one despise even his own contribution, however small, to the general heap. It elevates ourselves, and helps others to creep towards that summit, which no one will ever be able entirely to ascend.

But let us do our best. What we wish to do must be done by a division of labor, for no one person can do everything. Even these present observations (however humble) are an attempt after a fashion to do something rather than remain idle.

Do not forget that there are millions of things to be seen and discussed; and be satisfied that everything may be seen from a different point of view. It is true that in whatever way you look at a sphere it is always round. Yet it has different aspects. No one side is exactly like another. The color, the shade, the marks or veins of each has its peculiar character. The views may also be taken from several distances. You sometimes see in a picture a man whose height is a yard, and sometimes only an inch. Yet both are true, because the artists have taken their sketches from different distances. The senses and powers of all men differ from each other, and these prompt them always to do something new. One man finds a stone, which another cuts, and a

third polishes until it dazzles the sense. One brings a seed, producing apparently a mean flower; but another transplants it into better mould, whilst a third marries to a congenial blossom, and lo! comes forth a radiant wonder such as summer has never beheld.

Again, nothing should be despised by a person desirous of knowledge. There is nothing, however minute, which does not deserve attention, for observe, scarcely any object, however simple, consists of one indivisible substance. The human body is made up, as anatomists will tell you, of many parts. Each has its design and use; and to these must be super-added the senses, and the intellect, which no one has hitherto been able to explain. The sea is made up of countless water-drops, the shore of countless sands. Nay, even a single drop of water, or an insect's egg (smaller than any water-drop), contains thousands of inhabitants, each capable of receiving and enjoying life, of possessing a mind (which we call instinct), and each like ourselves subject to the common law of death.

All this and far more you will learn from books, upon which we are now to converse.

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David, the sublime grievings of Job, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries, and distributed amongst mankind.

If there were no books, our knowledge would be almost confined to the limit of sight and hearing. All that we could not see or hear, in action, would be to us — like the inhabitants (if there be any) of the planet Saturn — a mere matter of idle conjecture.

To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest *all* the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may

gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task, and how to proceed for the purpose.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

We should read, not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to *enlarge it*. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler, there is no king beyond him.

And now I propose to offer a few observations on the mode of reading books; *i.e.*, to show how books may be read with profit.

I do not pretend to exhaust the subject, but simply to state what I myself have found to be useful. Every man gains something from his own experience. During his periods of study, he must have noted the times when he derived advantage, and when he did not succeed in reaping any. His gain and loss on these occasions, properly pointed out, cannot fail I think to be of use to others. Without some counsel, a man at first reads to waste — he reads much that becomes of little value.

Were I to collect the opinions of others, I should probably place before you brilliant sentences, imposing maxims. But as I have not found all instructions easy to follow, or profitable in the result, I shall, by taking everything from my own experience, from my own point of view, show, amongst things that may be questionable, things that are at least stamped with my own convictions.

Let us first consider the temper in which we ought to commence our studies.

We should come to our studies, then, with a clear, unprejudiced mind, with a resolution to persevere, until we fully understand our author: to read him, in short, with candor and industry. It is indispensable that we should strive to discover the truth or beauty of a book, rather than its errors. We should begin with a trusting, rather than with a carping spirit. The faults generally float upon the

surface, and may easily be discovered. But the truths lie deeper, and must be sought for. The latter will strengthen and fertilize the mind of the reader. The discovery of the former will merely only feed his self-conceit. A boy who has been a year in geography, may know that Bohemia is not on the seacoast. But it requires that a man should have a fine mind and a cultivated intellect to appreciate the vernal beauties that lie scattered about in Shakespeare's pastoral of the "Winter's Tale."

If you should not understand the precise meaning of an author of repute, or fail to appreciate him at his current value (for humor, or style, etc.), don't rely on your first impression, but try again, at a future time. Do not complain that the author has not done what he has not professed to do, or that he has not come up to a model at which he has not aimed. Give him credit for what he *has done*, apart from all other considerations. Hazlitt said, "Mr. B—— criticises Mrs. Siddons, and says that she is not a philosopher." The answer is, "She does not pretend to be a philosopher; all that she attempts is to be a great actress, — and *in this she succeeds*."

Always consider the character or quality of a book. If it be a history, do not look for wit. If it be a book of jests, do not look for a moral discourse. There are indeed sometimes sparks of wit in a history, and sometimes a moral in a joke, but these are occasional only, and do not form the staple of the book, on which alone the author is strictly amenable to critical judgment.

Then in reading a book, remember that almost every author writes on the presumption that the reader knows something of the history or science, politics, or other subject on which he treats. Without this presumption, all books would be flat and tedious. There would be no style, no clearness or rapidity of narration, were the author to stop at every sentence to explain what he has a right to suppose that nineteen out of every twenty readers know. There would be no incentive or stimulus for the reader. The mere use of words and phrases which are not in every-day use, the adoption of new combinations, forces the reader to think, and induces him to ascertain and verify meanings, which he would otherwise idly take upon trust, and never remember afterwards.

Sometimes, in compound words or complicated sentences, it is useful to analyze

and take them to pieces, and examine the parts separately. It is a good practice, especially in books which profess to deal with science, or to encounter difficult problems. It tends to prove them and render them intelligible.

At first, you should treasure up facts, as so many items of knowledge. After a time you will select from them. A fact to be useful must be suggestive; otherwise it is no better than a tissue of words. There are many facts as barren as the sands on the seashore. These you will discover in the course of time.

Some persons are for reason only — or rather for books which proceed upon calculation and reasoning. But reasoning deals with only one faculty of the mind, and we should not confine ourselves to one. The most famous works, those which have lasted longer than others, are not works proceeding merely from reason. The Bible, Homer, Shakespeare's works, proceeded from other influences.

Besides facts, besides reasoning, there will probably appear the opinions of the author. Read and consider these also. If the book be the product of a great writer, observe the style carefully. For a good style is not a mere grace in writing. It consists of words which have the best meanings, and *more* meaning (*i.e.*, truer, deeper meaning) than words that are placed in a dull, and poorly written book. There is no style worth the name which does not involve new ideas. It is, in fact, this accession of new thoughts which constitutes the merit of any style in writing.

We always read with a view to profit — of some kind or other; to obtain information, to determine an opinion, or for amusement, which is profit in another shape.

This being the case, never read when the mind is listless, nor when you are disposed to be idle. This is frequently the case when the body only is fatigued. Above all, never read when the mind has been fatigued by exertion. For the mind can no more endure too much than the body. After a certain quantity of labor, it fails either to distinguish, perceive, or to remember very distinctly. Persistence, in such case, damages and effaces much of what has been read when the mind was fresh and impressible; the judgment becomes dull and fails to act.

At such times it is better to let the memory or the fancy have its will and stray elsewhere; better still to repose altogether until you attain new strength. The bad consequence of "all work and

no play" has been enshrined in a proverb.

Do not content yourself, as I have said, with mere facts and books of science. Read also works of imagination, in prose and poetry. They will enliven your mind, and enrich it also. All knowledge does not consist in amassing information to trade with in future life, to serve you in your ordinary dealings in a trade or a profession. There are vast treasures besides, which stimulate and raise and educate the intellect, much that enables you to judge of men and things in general, of words, and actions, and motives, in a wider scope. Believe me, there is often hid in a poet's verse a deeper moral than in a bulky sermon.

No treatise or essay, on politics or history or morals, or on any branch of science which I have ever read, contains as much wisdom as a play of Shakespeare.

Do not shut out any author of merit. To limit yourself always to certain books or subjects is to blind yourself wilfully to all the wonders that lie beyond them.

Always read the preface to a book. It places you on vantage ground, and enables you to survey more completely the book itself. You frequently also discover the character of the author from the preface. You see his aims, perhaps his prejudices. You see the point of view from which he takes his pictures, the rocks and impediments which he himself beholds, and you steer accordingly.

Sometimes an author has a merit intermixed with obvious defects. His style may be absolute or indifferent, whilst his reasoning may be good, and his thoughts original. In such case, meditate on the valuable matter which he brings before you, and forget the rest.

Understand every word you read; if possible every allusion of the author; if practicable whilst you are reading; if not, make search and inquiry as soon as may be afterwards. Have a dictionary near you when you read, and when you read a book of travels, always read with a map of the country at hand. It enables you to follow the author correctly; and it imprints the facts upon your mind. Without a map, the information is vague and the impression transitory.

So also if you read on any subject capable of illustration, for the object of teaching is not to teach words but things. Therefore, have the object or a printed representation of it by you. If it be of the manufacture or ornamenting of china, for instance, have a vase or other figure,

as the case may require. If you read of natural history, prints of birds or animals will materially help you to retain in your memory what you may read concerning them. The memory retains better what is impressed on two senses than on one.

Books relating to a science or a profession should be studied carefully. But the quantity of study in each day should be moderate. Do not overburthen your mind with too much labor.

After having read as much as your mind will easily retain, sum up what you have read—endeavor to place in view the portion or subject that has formed your morning's study; and then reckon up (as you would reckon up a sum) the facts or items of knowledge that you have gained. If any of these should not be distinctly impressed on your mind, turn back to that which is imperfectly remembered and freshen your memory. It generally happens that the amount of three or four hours reading may be reduced to and concentrated in half a dozen propositions. These are your gains—these are the facts or opinions that you have acquired. You may investigate the truth of them hereafter. The next day revert to your last reading, and try if what you obtained yesterday still remain as so many precise facts in your mind.

Although I think that one's general reading should extend over many subjects, yet for serious *study* we should confine ourselves to some branch of literature or science. Otherwise the mind becomes confused and enfeebled, and the thoughts, dissipated on many things, will settle profitably on none.

A man, whose duration of life is limited, and whose powers are limited also, should not aim at all things, but should content himself with a few. By such means he may master one and become tolerably familiar perhaps with two or three arts or sciences. He may indeed even make valuable contributions to them. Without this economy of labor he cannot produce any complete work, nor can he exhaust any subject.

History in general is the story of crimes and conquests. It does not concern itself with peaceful heroes or silent blessings. It deals little with discoveries—little with the progress of literature or science. It seldom descends to individuals unless they be possessed of rank or power. Dante, Shakespeare, Newton, are rarely mentioned in history, and then only in a cursory way. It has, however, this advantage, that you may extract profit from the

bad as well as from the good characters. Some people exist for examples and others for warnings. It is the commonest of morals that you are to imitate the one and avoid the other. It is necessary to recollect not only dates and names, not only events, but to examine also their significance and import on later times. You must draw inferences from them in order to comprehend their value.

Look at the French Revolution. The scholar will recollect what a state of things existed before it. The most unjust privileges were possessed by the nobles, the clergy, and the higher classes. These persons enjoyed almost exclusively the fruits of the abundant earth. The people were oppressed and without rights. They were stung into rebellion by a long series of abuses, which finally became no longer endurable. The people themselves were equally unjust and cruel in their turn. Horrible cruelties were exercised during the Reign of Terror. There arose a confusion of religions, discordant policies, every species of passion and policy came into power by turn, until at last they were finally subdued by a great military genius, who commenced a new domination, not very different from the old against which they had rebelled formerly.

All this from general history. But would the inquiring reader enrich his mind further, let him read and lay to his soul the thousand instances of individual heroism and devotion, which made the time illustrious as well as disgraceful; the good which was seen on both sides, royalist as well as republican. What courage, what generosity, what tenderness, what fidelity, what self-sacrifice shone out in those terrible and stormy days!

Again, what a world of knowledge may be gathered by meditating on the lives of remarkable men! Their thoughts and actions, their birth and growth and fulfilment, all the chances and accidents of their course, are pregnant with more than ordinary meaning. As their stature is beyond their fellows, so are their lives transcendent in value, abundant in their depths, fertile in the shallowest places. A distinguished writer has said, that the history of a great man is the history of the time he lived in. Now, although the humors of dominating persons have frequently contributed to certain results, yet the character of a people, their bravery or industry, their patience or other qualities, and the growing intelligence of the times they lived in, have generally, I think, determined the result.

Then what lessons are taught by the common records of every day! Look at the love of parents, — the endurances of married women, — the crimes and heroism, the frauds and follies of men — the Bankrupt and Insolvent Courts, — the accidents and offences set forth in newspapers, — the news from distant lands, — the tyrannies and cruelties and revolts in foreign countries, — the privations and perseverance of travellers, — the frightful agonies of the castaway, — the recoveries from shipwreck, — all that people think and do and suffer at all times. Not one of these facts should lie barren in the mind. They should be dwelt upon; they should be planted in the memory, and produce a new thought, a new growth. In the course of time some of them may become events in history, and may be taught as lessons for the times to come.

In the course of reading, a variety of subjects will occur to the mind of any one who tries to look at a subject on all sides. We read, for instance, of a man's children inheriting funds or money, and we think at first only how lucky he is. But reflect! What a fine effect of social polity it is, which enables a man who has toiled during his life to bequeath at his death to those who were dear to him, those probably for whom alone he has toiled, all the results of his labor. Although he must go from this world into the next as naked as he was born, he can — by means of a will or social agreement — give that which he cannot take with him to persons whom of all the world he loved the best. When we abuse and deride the law, let us recollect that it is an aggregate of many intellects, a body of polity dealing with the most difficult subjects, and formed for the benefit of all.

From The Athenæum.

MOORISH AMBASSADOR IN SPAIN.*

IN the year of grace 1690 the first ambassador that a Moorish state had ever sent to the court of Spain arrived with his suite at Gibraltar. The sensation was prodigious. How would the infidels behave themselves? What did they want of his most Christian Majesty Charles II.? Were they going to mix themselves up in the war of the grand alliance that was already raging among the great and

* *Voyage en Espagne d'un Ambassadeur Marocain (1690-1691).* Traduit de l'Arabe par H. Sauvaille, Consul de France. Paris, Leroux.

little powers of Europe? The Spaniards flocked out to greet them, and the Muslims were proud of the respect which the Christian dogs, mere "fuel for hell," were showing to the putative descendant of Aly, the Commander of the Faithful (according to the politics of Morocco) and Grand Sherif Muley Ismail. Like many people less wise than himself, the Moorish envoy kept a journal of his experiences in the land over which his forefathers had once held sway, and where the culture of Islam had set a noble example to the barbarous nations of Europe. This diary has been preserved in the national library of Madrid, and Don Pascual de Gayangos, the indefatigable historian of Anglo-Spanish affairs, possesses another copy; and from these two M. Sauvaire, an Arabic scholar who has made good use of his opportunities as French consul at Alexandria and Casablanca, has made a translation, which has just been published in M. Leroux's charming "*Bibliothèque Orientale Elzévirienne*." It will be interesting to learn what these foreign witnesses—"barbarian eyes," as the Chinese would call them—saw in the kingdom which had but lately fallen from the position of the first power of Europe to be the object of a general scramble among the foes to whom she had been wont to dictate her own terms.

The object of the embassy, as stated by the envoy, was to command (Muslim potentates understand no gentler form of negotiation) the king of Spain to surrender five thousand manuscripts and five hundred Mohammedan prisoners to the Commander of the Faithful, the emperor of Morocco; or if he could not find the MSS., to make the number of captives a thousand; whence it appears that a Moorish prisoner is worth ten MSS., which seems a high price for mere human creatures. The journal begins its record at Gibraltar, which is described as "a large port, with a wide entrance, where a fortified castle rises, very solidly built and furnished with armaments and cannon . . . A wall extends round the base of the mountain, from the castle to the town, for about a mile, and along the seaboard, and here the ships put in. It is a middle-sized town, or rather small, and is inhabited only by soldiers and people connected with the military administration." Many Mohammedan legends are told about the conquest of Gibraltar; but these reflections were interrupted by a storm which lasted eight days, and frightened the Moors so much that they made their cap-

tain, who had his vessel in the roads, put into the harbor until the sea was calm again. They then sailed for Cadiz, the harbor of which they state to be absolutely immeasurable.

When we had drawn nigh to the city, being about two miles off, a captain approached us in the governor's galley, which was decorated with all manner of silks and brocades, and with a royal tent pitched on deck. When we had gone on board, he welcomed us on the part of his superior, and, excusing his absence, informed us of the preparations for our reception. We disembarked in a shallop and rowed towards the city. On the shore we found the governor standing, with whom the whole population had assembled, men, women, and children. There was not a single singer or musician in Cadiz that he had not brought, and on the ramparts as well as the large ships there was not a cannon that was not fired. The governor received us with the utmost courtesy, and seemed extremely pleased at our coming. All the Mohammedan prisoners in Cadiz came also to meet us; transported with joy, they shouted the Profession of Faith, and invoked blessings upon the Prophet, whom God save, and made prayers for the success of our master El-Mansour billah.

Refusing all entreaties to stay a while at Cadiz, they pressed on, escorted out of the town, as they had been received, by the entire populace. At Santa Maria, whither they went by sea in the governor's galley, they were similarly welcomed; and after having viewed the place, which they greatly admired, and testified to the fact that the faces of the people there were "more smiling and affectionate than anywhere else," they proceeded to Jerez,—

a city in the midst of an extensive country, planted with trees, and watered by rivers; where one sees plantations of olives, and vineyards, and gardens, and all sorts of trees, in number not to be reckoned. Jerez is a large town, with traces of an ancient civilization. Vestiges are to be seen of its ramparts, but the greater part is in ruins or vanished, because the Christians do not trouble themselves about ramparts or fortifications except on the seaboard. This Jerez is called Jerez de la Frontera, which means opposed; they intend by this to indicate that it is opposed to the country of Islam, which God exalt! The greater part of its inhabitants are derived from the Andalus or Muslims of Spain, and from their chiefs who embraced Christianity; they are cultivators and laborers.

Lebrija was their next halt, "a little town, chiefly occupied by nomads, its ramparts ruined and effaced." On Utrera, where they also discover, as anybody

might, the Moorish origin of the population, they make this remark : —

The people are of the high class. The ruling idea with them, in either sex, is beauty. I saw two young people, one the daughter of the governor, the other of the judge, who were extremely lovely and perfect in all points. I did not see more perfect beauty in all Spain. They were descended from the Andalus, and from the family of the last king of Granada.

At Utrera a certain Don Alonzo used to come and chat with the envoy, and showed half an inclination to listen to the evidences of Islam — a tendency which was attributed to the fact that his mother evinced an extraordinary predilection for the Turkish dish of *kuskusu* before he was brought into the world. By Marchena and Ecija they arrived at Cordova, where they naturally visited the splendid mosque-cathedral, which must have been full of memories for the co-religionists of Abd-er-Rahman : —

It is an immense mosque, massively built, and of beautiful construction. Three hundred and sixty is the number of its columns, all in white marble, and between each pair of columns is an arch surrounded by a second arch. Now there are forty doors, but many others have been built up. Its niche has remained unchanged; indeed, nothing has been altered in the structure by the Christians except the erection of a grilled window of copper with a cross in front. No one enters there but those who take care of the cross. Nothing great or small has been added in the interior except to the wall. The mosque has a very large court, with a basin in the middle, and around are planted 117 orange-trees. . . . The ceiling and doors of the mosque rest in their primitive condition, with no additions but those necessary for the support of the ceiling. The Christians have made an innovation in the middle of the mosque. Opposite the *mihrab* they have erected a great square chamber, covered with a cupola and lighted by grilled windows of yellow copper. . . . In front of the mosque rises the great Kasbah, which formed the palace of the king who ruled Cordova and the rest of the kingdom of the Muslims while this was united under one sceptre, before the petty dynasties began. We pray God, whose name be exalted, to make it again an abode of Islam by the merits of his Prophet, on whom be peace! The walls of the Kasbah are preserved in their original beauty; they are as high as those of the mosque.

It is interesting to compare this record of the preservation of the Saracenic monuments of Cordova with their present state. With all the care that has been given to them, as compared with the neglect of Egypt, it is to be feared that it is not possible to say still that they retain their pristine beauty unchanged.

The ambassador, with pardonable pride, traces most of the nobles of Andujar from the Ulad es-Sarrâj, or Abencerages, who embraced Christianity under the rule of Hasan, king of Granada. The nobility of these converts is not, he admits, considered equal to that of the Christian nobles, but they enjoy the privilege of wearing a cross embroidered on their shoulder. They did not, it appears, deny their Mohammedan origin.

From Linares, where the envoy was much struck with the cheerful habits of the people, and the custom they had of dancing, "man and woman together," the embassy proceeded by the nomad settlement of Torre Juan Abad to Socalana, where they experienced the novelty of an inn. The chronicler expresses the most naïve surprise at this extraordinary method of providing for the needs of the traveller, who, he adds, never thinks of sleeping out of doors or taking his rest exactly where he likes, but it is all marked out for him by the government post-houses. The charges, however, seem to have struck the frugal mind of the Mohammedan as very heavy, and he says a man may strive to observe all possible economy in eating and drinking, but a crown a day will not cover his expenses, and to live well must cost a deal of money. In spite of the prosperity which he notices in his way through Spain; in spite of the "excellent" inns, and the admirably organized system of official couriers, which he describes in some detail, he is surprised to find people always travelling in companies for fear of brigands. He did not, however, encounter any of these gentry himself, and reached Madrid without any *contretemps*, full of wonder at the things he had seen *en route*. He seems to have been especially struck with the discomfort of the convents and the luxury of the rural clergy. One priest entertained the embassy with great cordiality in a charming house, filled with pictures and works of art, of which he was a connoisseur. He begged them to drink some of his wine, which he said he had laid down many years ago, and could confidently recommend; and when the Mohammedans protested that their religion did not allow them to drink wine, and put their protest into practice by drinking cold water with nothing in it, he looked very compassionate. It was no wonder the good father was surprised, for his cure was surrounded by a forest of vines — in fact, "there was no other tree than the vine in most of these parts," remarks

the journal — and not to drink wine must have been almost as *incroyable* to the priest of Manzaneres as not to breathe.

They have multiplied the vineyards because the people of the neighboring metropolis consume wine constantly, at all times, as well as at their meals. Wine is their chief beverage. You will find very few people in this country drinking water. Yet, in spite of the quantity of wine they absorb, you never see one of them *allumé*, or drunk, or deprived of his reason. He who drinks to the drunken point is despised by them.

The writer adds that some drink their wine with water, others pure, in small quantities, and that the liquor is taxed to two-thirds of its value at the gate of the city of Madrid; but the people pay no attention to that: "They cannot do without the wine they have become accustomed to; men and women and children, aristocrats and common folk, priests, deacons, monks — etc., all the world drinks."

The embassy entered Madrid in state, and were lodged in a magnificent palace, where one of the servants of the king's bedchamber waited upon them with greetings from his Majesty, who had himself been watching the arrival of this unusual cavalcade from a window of his palace. The king bade them rest after the fatigue of their long journey, and for twelve days declined to allow them to trouble themselves upon the subject of their mission. At last, however, the question of a formal reception by Charles II. was taken into consideration. And here a mighty difficulty arose — How would the strangers greet his most Christian Majesty? The ambassador replied that he and his suite would give the king the salutation which belonged to misbelievers, "Peace be with him who follows the right path," and never a word beyond. After some hesitation Charles accepted this ceremonial ultimatum, and the royal messenger proceeded to instruct the visitors in the order of the levee and the general etiquette of the court. The next day they went to the palace, were received by the officers of state and the *noblesse* of Spain, and were conducted into the presence of the king, who was

standing, with a gold chain about his neck. Such are the habits of European monarchs. This chain with them takes the place of a crown. On his right was a gold table inlaid with precious stones. He had prepared this after our arrival in order to lay upon it the letter of the Sultan, out of respect for the sender, whom God exalt! At the right of the table stood one of his ministers called the Constable,

who manages the revenue. . . . On this minister's right was the queen, surrounded by a number of the wives and daughters of the grand seigneurs. On the king's left were the other ministers.

The interview that followed was merely formal. The king inquired after the health of the sheriff, and pleased the ambassador by raising his hat every time he mentioned the sheriff's name. A few civilities about their journey, and the visitors were given a hint that the object of the mission would be considered at another interview, and departed.

"The king is still a young man, of about thirty. His color is fair, his stature low, his face long, and his brow large." Our authority then branches off into an account of the history of Spain, and the great deeds of Ferdinand and Isabella, and thus comes to discuss the whole question of the War of Succession and the policy of the various European States. Into this we shall not follow him; but it is impossible to help being struck with the sound information, the clear judgment, singular toleration, and, in a word, the statesmanlike qualities of the ambassador. He may be wrong in points of detail, but he is better informed and less prejudiced than any contemporary on the Christian side would have been in the like position. His observations on the people of Madrid are often penetrating. After describing the Spanish conquests in the New World and the immense wealth that proceeded therefrom, he adds: —

Nevertheless, the love of ease and of the comforts of civilization rules the Spaniards, and one can scarcely find an individual among them who engages in commerce or makes voyages to foreign parts for the sake of traffic, as is the custom of other people, like the Dutch, the English, the French, the Genevese, etc. So, too, the mean trades which are plied by the lowest classes of the people are repudiated by this nation, which holds itself superior to the rest of Christendom. The majority of those who busy themselves with these mean trades in Spain are Frenchmen, and this because their own land with difficulty furnishes the means of subsistence. They invade Spain to serve there and acquire and amass money; in a short time they lay by a large fortune. . . . The Spaniards regard themselves for the most part as government officials or officers of the army, and think it beneath them to take up with a trade or devote themselves to commerce, in the hope of being reckoned among the nobility, or at least of bequeathing rank to their descendants. No artisan or merchant is allowed to ride in a carriage in the capital where the king resides.

The ambassador was evidently a shrewd observer, and took care to see everything that could be seen in the Spanish capital. He witnessed a tournament for the hand of a young heiress; he hunted in the royal forests, and was shocked to find that Charles II. was so sedentary in his habits that he used to drive everywhere, even to the chase. He studied especially the constitution of the Catholic Church, and was greatly struck with the unbounded power of the Inquisition. He has a true Mohammedan's dislike to the private confession of women, and predicts the worst consequences; and after his own fast of Ramadan he is much amused at "what they call fasting" in Spain. They eat all day, he says — we have seen them — and then they call that fasting! They only give up meat, but they drink whenever they are thirsty, eat eggs and fish and all sorts of nice things — all of which must have appeared very easy fasting to a good Moslem, who never touches meat or drink from sunrise to sunset during his own great fast. He has, however, only admiration for the devotion of the nursing brothers of charity of the Order of St. John. There are fourteen hospitals in Madrid, he says, which are large, very comfortable, and well supplied with beds, provisions, medicines, and attendance. "These establishments are in a perfect state of efficiency, and the sick are deprived of nothing they need in the treatment. I have visited several, and have seen that there was no parsimony in the expenditure." He describes the routine of the patient's reception and treatment, the number of sheets and coverlets he is allowed for his bed, etc., and is delighted with everything he observes. One of his own suite fell ill, and though he refused to allow him to be taken to an "infidel" establishment, the brothers insisted on visiting the sick man until he was cured. No wonder that he describes them as the best of their nation, and wishes that God would bring them to the true faith.

Among the amusements of Madrid he saw a bull-fight, where, he says, anybody who wished to show his prowess used to enter the arena on horseback and engage the bull in single combat; but he was especially charmed with the skating in the royal park: —

Those who are most given to this amusement, and perform best, are the Dutch and English. This is because their country is situated in the north, where snow and ice abound everywhere, and specially on the rivers. They say the Dutch women glide on the ice on shoes

furnished with iron plates, and thus in a single morning reach distant places for trading and carrying on their business, and return at night to their abodes. I have seen Christians skating on this river supporting themselves on one foot and raising the other, preserving a perfect balance, without leaning to either side. Thus they went like lightning.

Many curious and valuable observations of the manners and character of the Spanish people of the seventeenth century might be quoted, and the descriptions of the Escorial and of the Moorish city of Toledo are particularly interesting; but enough has been said to show that the journal of the Mohammedan ambassador forms a really useful and important addition to the existing contemporary records of the court and country of Charles II. of Spain, and that M. Sauvaire has done a good service to history in translating it from the Arabic MSS. in which it was interred.

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

IN 1828 a paper was published called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, which is interesting on more accounts than one. It was published in English and Cherokee, the latter portion being printed with characters invented after years of patient labor and thought by one of the Indians, whose curiosity had been excited by the "speaking leaf," as he called a newspaper which he one day heard a white man read with surprising readiness and facility. After producing his alphabet, he taught it to the other members of his tribe, and eventually, with the assistance of government, was enabled to start the *Phoenix*. Very similar was the *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, first started in 1835, and boasting of woodcuts, for which the publisher received a license from the king, worded as follows: "To Stephen D. Mackintosh. — I assent to the letter which you have sent me. It affords me pleasure to see the works of other lands and things that are new. If I was there, I should very much like to see. I have said to Kivan, 'Make printing-presses.' My thought is ended. — Love to you and Reynolds. — By King Kainkeaguoli." This paper was of eight octavo pages, and was published in English. The present ruler of the Sandwich Islands shares the liberal views expressed in the above letter of his predecessor. Since that time the practice of publishing papers in the native tongues

has spread rapidly; and in India alone at the present moment no fewer than three hundred and thirty newspapers, with a total circulation of more than one hundred and ten thousand, are printed in the languages spoken in the different provinces. A most curious paper is the official Chinese paper, called *King-Pan*, which claims to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1351, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a "daily," at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day—the first or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second or afternoon edition contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily. One well-known American journal has even purchased a steamer and fitted it up as a regular floating newspaper office. The editors, sub-editors, and journalists all live on board; and by this means, news which has been picked up during the voyage can be set

up without loss of time; whilst the details of any incident can be fully authenticated by the steamer calling at the scene of action. This steamer plies between Memphis and New Orleans, distributing the papers on its journeys, and collecting every item of news current along the banks of the Mississippi. Before the 67th Regiment left England for British Burmah, the officers spent a sum of money in purchasing a printing-press and types, with which they published a paper called *Our Chronicle*, soon after they landed at Rangoon. The editorial staff and compositors were all connected with the regiment, and the journal was regarded as a phenomenon in the annals of the press. Another military journal deserving mention is, or was, the *Cuartal Real*, the official organ of the Carlists, published during the war on the almost inaccessible summit of the Pena de la Plata. Though America is the land of big things, in newspaper matters it can boast of possessing the smallest paper in the world. This diminutive journal is the *Madoc Star*, which very properly has for its motto, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." It is published weekly. Its dimensions are three inches and a half by three inches; and it consists of four pages, the first being devoted to foreign news, the second to mining notes, the last two to local news.

AN APPROACHING STAR. — One of the most beautiful of all stars in the heavens is Arcturus, in the constellation Boötes. In January last the astronomer royal communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society a tabulated statement of the results of the observations made at Greenwich during 1883 in applying the method of Dr. Huggins for measuring the approach and recession of the so-called fixed stars in direct line. Nearly two hundred of these observations are thus recorded, twenty-one of which were devoted to Arcturus, and were made from March 30 to August 24. The result shows that this brilliant scintillating star is moving rapidly towards us with a velocity of more than fifty miles per second (the mean of the twenty-one observations is 50.78). This amounts to about three thousand miles per minute, one hundred and eighty thousand per hour, four million three hundred and twenty thousand miles per day. Will this approach continue, or will the star presently appear stationary and then recede? If the motion is orbital the latter will occur. There is, however, nothing in the rates observed to indicate any such orbital motion, and as the observa-

tions extended over five months this has some weight. Still it may be travelling in a mighty orbit of many years' duration, the bending of which may in time be indicated by a retardation of the rate of approach, then by no perceptible movement either towards or away from us, and this followed by a recession equal to its previous approach. If, on the other hand, the four million five hundred thousand of miles per day continue, the star must become visibly brighter to posterity, in spite of the enormous magnitude of cosmical distances. Our eighty-one-ton guns drive forth their projectiles with a maximum velocity of fourteen hundred feet per second. Arcturus is approaching us with a speed that is two hundred times greater than this. It thus moves over a distance equal to that between the earth and the sun in twenty-one days. Our present distance from Arcturus is estimated at one million six hundred and twenty-two thousand times this. Therefore, if the star continues to approach us at the same rate as measured last year, it will have completed the whole of its journey towards us in ninety-three thousand years.

Gentleman's Magazine.